

## *Christian Art and English Art in 1892.*

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THE question of Christian art, the precise meaning of the phrase, its boundaries, its character, and the relations of Christianity to art are all subjects which would claim a much larger space for discussion than the pages of a periodical can supply. We are forced therefore to start by taking for granted that, as there was and is a dedication of art to express un-Christian ideals and to teach anti-Christian lessons, so, from her earliest days, the Church of God has availed herself of art to express her beliefs and her ideas, to impress these on the minds of men, and to aid her in her worship of God and of His saints. The relations of the Church to art are and have been direct as well as indirect. Just as she claims the right to legislate on music, when employed in her liturgy, so, too, she has ever reserved the authority to condemn what she deems as a misleading representation of anything connected with her faith. The symbols of religious truth which art produces cannot be left absolutely to private interpretation, any more than the statement of dogma itself. So even in our own time a type of images and statues of our Lady in which our Lord is represented as if subject or subordinate to her has been prohibited. Thus again, there is a form of crucifix which popular opinion regards as conveying a Calvinistic or Jansenistic error.

Still, as in ecclesiastical music, so in sculpture or in painting, a large margin of liberty is left. The Church has not tied herself to any particular style, and we are not, as are the so-called Orthodox Greeks, chained down to the bygone types of archaic art. The Church's action has been rather to profit by the progress of art, whenever that progress did not degenerate into license, and to sanctify by her adoption the best available art of the day. True she has had to tolerate much which she might not sanction, and her painters and sculptors have approached or receded from her high ideal, as faith burnt

brighter or its flame grew fainter. Whatever may have been its vicissitudes, or however low it may have sunk, religious art in Catholic lands never reached the platitudes and chillness of non-Catholic art, unless it be, as under the *régime* of the Government commissions of modern France, where an unbelieving State controls and holds practical possession of the ecclesiastical buildings, and where in consequence paintings are often executed for Catholic altars by artists altogether destitute of any Catholic conviction or inspiration.

Since the rise of the Tractarian movement, and the advent of the new form of religion which it has produced, and which is rapidly superseding the older type of Anglicanism, ecclesiastical architecture in England has made a progress greater perhaps than in any other land. Many buildings may easily be pointed out which have caught with wonderful fidelity the spirit of the work of our mediæval and therefore Catholic architects. Religious sculpture has, however, not kept pace with the sister art of architecture, and the well-known firms of ecclesiastical carvers, though they have produced much good conventional work, have naturally not reached the artistic level of modern ateliers. As regards Catholics, we are perhaps too poor to give commissions to professional sculptors, and the cheap, if unsatisfactory, supply of foreign statues are all that our poverty can afford. Portrait busts and statues, to judge by the exhibitions, seem nowadays alone to pay. What genius can do with even such uncongenial subjects may be seen in the Royal Academy in Mr. Gilbert's posthumous bust of the late Baron Huddleston and that of Sir George Birdwood. His perfect mastery over his material, the life and play of features in both reveal a sculptor who can bear comparison with the greatest men of his day. We wish we could speak with equal praise of other portrait busts and statues of the Royal Academy Exhibition. There seems to be little hope of breaking the dull record of our national monuments, with such sad specimens of British art put in our public places for the admiration of the intelligent foreigner.

The almost universal adoption of the Pugin form of a Caen stone reredos, with varieties, not always successful, in alabaster or Carrara marble, or the imported works of French or German manufacture, holds almost exclusive sway in our Catholic churches and oratories. The exquisite ecclesiastical sculpture of Spain, whose coloured wooden statues

reproduce and keep alive the glories of the Spanish mediæval *retablos* is too costly for our limited resources. It is much to be wished that we could give professional sculptors the chance of doing really artistic work for our altars or for our churches; and till we do this we must not be surprised if Ovid and the heathen mythology give subjects to Christian sculptors. In art, like in other things, supply follows the demand.

There is one lesson that we should do well to learn from the French Government. They still continue to give commissions to painters to fresco the walls of their churches and to paint altarpieces for their sanctuaries. With us the decorator, ecclesiastical or otherwise, is the alternative. It is true that the French Government drives very hard bargains with the fortunate or unfortunate painters whom it pleases to patronize. It is also true that a freedom from such State gifts is a blessing, if religious art is to be such as the Chantrey Trustees love to honour. But it is to be feared that without State patronage a school of religious art can hardly exist in these days of fading faith. In Germany the *Culturkampf* closed the flourishing religious school of Düsseldorf painters, and Munich now offers in exchange for Overbeck or Müller the profane novelties of a Van Uhde. The iconoclastic spirit of Protestantism, not to speak of the disintegrating principle of private judgment, has indeed been the death of religious painting in non-Catholic countries, and even the æsthetic revival of Neo-Anglicanism in our midst has not produced any higher ideal than the learned art of Burne Jones and the æstheticism of Rosetti. It is hardly fair to judge their art by a Catholic standard, however much Burne Jones may be an imitator of certain Italian schools.

But many there are who at the outset will deny that there is in pictorial art, any more than in music, any Christian standard at all, and that the most perfect development in both is the best for Christian art. The more thorough knowledge of the human form, the more subtle power of reproducing form and colour is the only true ideal. There is not, they say, and cannot be any exclusively Christian art. The artist whose *technique* and imagination, or rather whose imitation is the highest, can produce as perfect a painting of the Man-God as he can of an Antinous. Yet surely as the supernatural is superadded to, as it is built up on the natural, and is the crown of that which is lower, so if the supernatural exists at all, something more is required than technical skill to represent its beliefs. As the faith

of an uneducated child is higher and of quite another order to the merely rational convictions of a cultured unbeliever, so too are the whisperings of art inspired by Catholicity better vehicles of its belief than the greatest heights of an art which has no such inspiration. Where both are wedded, we reach the perfection of Christian art. Without limiting ourselves to any particular age or school, the contrast between the works, for example, in the National Gallery and those in the Royal Academy Exhibition or the Salon of to-day is surely very palpable. Art in 1892 as represented in the Royal Academy and in the New Gallery is, we acknowledge, supremely excellent in portraiture and in landscape, but it is sadly wanting in works of high aim, still more in those of religious painting. Of sculpture there is nothing of a really religious character, but there is plenty which, without being too pharisaic or puritan in our views, we may call Pagan in *motif* and in treatment.

The professedly religious paintings we could well wish away. The most prominent and that which has gained, as did "St. Elizabeth" of last year, the blue riband of the year—conjointedly, it is true, with a charming landscape of McWhirter—is the "Annunciation" of Mr. Hacker (901). Our Lady, veiled in white, is standing by the fountain. A phantom angel, a shadowy form of blue, floats behind her, and holding the typical lily in one hand, whispers his greeting into the ears of the Virgin. Mary looks right out of the picture with a bewildered gaze of trouble, but not the trouble of the Gospel narrative, which was mingled with humility and submission to the Eternal Will. Her look is a weird gaze into space, like that of one whose sorrow is earthly and has no hope. Her translucent veil half covers her naked arms and is drawn closely round the face. Nazareth rises behind. The treatment is not altogether new, for in the Academy of last year the Angel of the Annunciation was represented as standing behind our Lady. But the very idea of such a painting serving as the altar-piece of a Lady chapel, will, we think, come with a shock to most Catholics who have seen it. Well it is, we repeat, that we are not tied to a Government who would make forcible presents, not to be refused, to the Catholic churches of this land, and who would choose such as this as a standing image of the greatest of Christian mysteries. Is not the painter more at home in this classical and undraped "Syrinx"? (907). Scarcely less satis-



factory is Mr. Clark's presentment of "Nazareth" (44). The Blessed Mother, an Arab woman, in Arab garb, is looking down with disturbed gaze on her Child. He has dropped the scroll of the Law (?) and is gazing with open eyes and mouth and uplifted eyebrows, as if He had, to His amazement, just learned His future from the prophecy of Isaías. The pearly tone of the whole, the circling doves, the carefully painted tools and shavings of the carpenter's shop do not compensate for the want of any divine or lofty expression on the face of the Mother or of her Son.

Close by is a dramatic moonlit painting of Judas. He is crouching, in the desert, with his hair in wild confusion over his down-bent face; and the ill-got silver is scattered at his feet (48). The great composition of the President, "And the sea gave up the dead" (115), is but a portion of a vast, bygone scheme for the decoration of the vaults of St. Paul's, and has all the faults and merits of its author. Taken alone it is a ghastly subject.

"Christ or the World" is a cleverly-painted picture by Hall Neale, where a vision of our Lord, looming out of the arras, startles a lady, whose lover is on his knees before her pleading passionately for her heart (907). The subject is emotional, but lacks reverential handling. A better aim, though somewhat feebly expressed, is the "Consolatrix Afflictorum" of Mr. Jolley (923). A vision of our Lady appears to a mourner in a country graveyard. The whole is swathed in a sort of impressionist mist. His "Saintly Assisi" (612) is like a bright dream of the marvellous Umbrian shrine and city. Beyond a dark foreground, the Sacro Convento of St. Francis and the castle hill stand out, transfigured in the warm glow of Italian sunlight.

Monsieur Morton (416) paints a large, water-logged wreck beaten by the heaving waves, on which are crouched a few survivors. A bright halo in the lowering sky surrounds the figure of our Saviour, and the sight lifts up the hearts of the perishing sailors and merits for the picture its title of "Saved." Artistically the marvellous sea-scapes of Brett and Moore make too strong a contrast with the conventional treatment of "Saved," but it has a lesson of hope to convey, and it leaves one the better for looking at it. Mr. Jackson (1,004) has taken a fine subject, which he has treated conventionally, but without attaining any great eminence—the body of St. James piloted by angels across the sea.

May it be said that amidst such a galaxy of brilliant colour, of dexterous reproduction of nature's beauty, and of living and breathing portraits there is a feeling of *Vanitas vanitatum!* which the absence of thought, of higher suggestions, of nobler ideals, forces on the mind? The President's "Garden of the Hesperides" (204) is perhaps his greatest attainment in brilliancy of colour, in skilful grouping, in perfection of drawing; yet the glitter of its golden oranges, the voluptuous repose of the sleepers, the indigo depths of the distant sea, the coil of the brilliant serpent is decorative, but nothing more. Orchardson's "St. Helena" (173), the great conqueror conquered telling his battles over again to his secretary, has all the faults and merits of the painter's past work. But there is a pathos in that man in simple civilian clothes, caged in the plain room, his claws and wings clipped, harmless after a life of selfish but astounding glory. So too Stanhope Forbes' "Forging the Anchor" (287) is a dull picture of dull life, only relieved by the flash of fire which glows on the smiling boy's face, or by the central object, the red-hot anchor which the begrimed workmen are welding. The thoughts of the distant future of that anchor, of the lives which will hang upon it, where it will rest in its last sleep, give a pathos to the subject, which otherwise would be as grim and uninteresting as the big, low-toned canvas of Mr. Mayor, "The Forge" (312).

It is worthy of note that there is a total freedom of anti-Catholic bigotry in the works of this year. Mr. Burgess gives another charming memory of Catholic Spain, dictated by the best feeling, the "Priest's Birthday" (186), an old *cura* receiving presents from his people. A widow is giving her mite in the shape of a little plant, which he receives with all fatherly gratitude and sympathy. Val Prinsep in a large picture, the "Broken Idol" (368), presents an imaginary subject of Roman days, a Christian slave brought by the *vicarius* of the slaves—an unpleasant looking man, with a whip—before his mistress. The Christian is a little too much of the fanatic, with his wild eyes, dishevelled hair, and uplifted hands, while his companions in the faith are praying with a formalism in which we lack the simplicity and reality of true devotion. The group around the mistress look on with varied expressions of wonder, of interest, or of scorn. The whole is slightly academic and unreal. But it is a brilliant and striking work.

Nowadays with our multiplied galleries, a visit to the Royal

Academy is not enough for the survey of the work of the year. Merely to mention its chief rival, the New Gallery, the same may be said of it as has been said of the Academy, unless it be that more uniform merit is to be found on its walls. Watts, who is only seen in the Royal Academy Exhibition in a vast and extraordinary composition of what looks like a mummified corpse smothered in whiffs of cloud, which dissolve on closer inspection into birds and flowers, and is named "She shall be called Woman" (164), appears in the New Gallery in an admirable "Portrait of Walter Crane" (53), full of force and life. The gem of portraits is perhaps Mrs. Swynnerton's powerful and yet soft picture of a girl, with a rich head of wavy hair. She is dressed in a red blouse, with a spray of dainty myrtle in her hand (288). Three religious pictures, Mrs. Stillman's "St. Francis and our Lady" (247), and "St. Luke writing his Gospel at the dictation of the Blessed Virgin" (227), and the "Rosa Mystica," a throned Madonna, with angels above, are all rather imitations of Italian work than original in conception or strong in personal character. Mr. Adrian Stokes has two charming works, one a "Shepherd on the Campagna," the other a "Hay-cart on the upper slopes of the Tyrolese Alps," which are quite up to his high standard, and perhaps fresher and more novel than his brilliant sunset in the Royal Academy.

There is one suggestion we should like to make before we bring to an end this somewhat random paper. Among the many Catholic artists, amateur or professional of London, could not some Catholic Guild of St. Luke be founded to bring them in contact, and which would help to raise up hearts and thoughts above the stifling materialism and unbelief of the modern studios of our great capitals? The small, and somewhat exclusive society of St. Gregory and St. Luke, which numbers among it so many of our Catholic archæologists, though its work is under a bushel and does good by stealth, is yet doing good, because it brings together lovers of what is Catholic and old, without the intrusion of the chilling influence of Protestantism or of its new offspring, fashionable doubt and supercilious Ritualism.

Some sort of movement towards the end we should desire seems to have been one among the many good works begun by our new Archbishop in his northern see. Perhaps to his energy and experience, we may look for a reunion of Catholic art workers in a much larger and more important field. In Paris Catholic artists have their religious and artistic circles.

The Guild of Christian Art in Belgium is well known, though perhaps it is of a more ambitious form than could be hoped for here. Neither would such a guild be large enough in its views to embrace the many schools represented among our scattered artists at home. It is rather a point of union that is wanted, where amidst varying views a lofty ideal of Christian aim may be ever maintained. It might develope into an Exhibition of Catholic Art, such as was collected at Southwark a short time back ; or into a library of books of reference, where such works as M. de Farcy's magnificent work on embroidery, *La Broderie*, could be brought within the reach of art students ; or into lectures, such as are given to the Southwark Students' Union, which might be delivered to a wider audience, familiarizing our young aspirants with the teaching of Catholic æstheticism, so many poles removed from the gone-by æstheticism of recent years, or with the lessons of Rio and other Christian thinkers and writers on art.

### *Oxford as seen by a Frenchman.*

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OUR learned and admirable contemporary, the French *Études*, devotes an article in its current number to a description of a student's day at Oxford.<sup>1</sup> Written by one who has visited the University, and taken the greatest pains to be accurate in all his statements, it will be read with great interest by English Catholics, to whom the question of sending their sons to the English Universities is at present one of no small importance. We are not going to treat of the advisability or the non-advisability of University education for our Catholic boys; this subject has been already discussed in *THE MONTH*, and it is very possible that we may have to recur to it again. We cannot do better, with Father Prat's article before us, than leave him to speak for himself, premising only that after a long acquaintance with Oxford, we can find comparatively few inaccuracies even in points of detail, while we hold our breath in astonishment at his sympathetic appreciation of the value of an Oxford education, at the skill with which he puts before us a vivid picture of the every-day life of an Oxford student, and at the wonderful insight which he has acquired of the good and evil influences which prevail in our Universities. We have indeed a serious duty of gratitude to one who gives us so kindly and so true a picture. In many respects his testimony is of greater value than that of those who speak from their own personal residence at Oxford, since they cannot help being for the most part strongly prejudiced, and, moreover, are wont to generalize from the set in which they themselves lived to the general life of the students around them.

We cannot attempt to reproduce Father Prat's article at length, but we hope that some account of it, and quotations from it, may induce many of our readers to read it for themselves, especially as any translation necessarily loses much of

<sup>1</sup> *Oxford. Une journée d'étudiant.* Par le P. F. Prat. *Études Religieuses*. May, 1892.

the force and vividness of the brilliant original. It consists of a very clear account of a scholastic day at the University in full term. Student Oxford, he tells us, does not rise with the lark, and the day of an Oxford student commences at the earliest with the College chapel at 7.30 or 8 a.m. This custom of chapel attendance is one of the many instances of the Conservative spirit of Oxford.

"The traditions of mediæval times, defended foot by foot against the invasions of the modern spirit, stamp on Oxford a religious, and almost a monastic character, which contrasts curiously with the ordinary aspects of Continental Universities. In former times the student did not forget to consecrate to God his first thoughts. Now alas! free thought is gaining a footing even at Oxford. The authorities have to tolerate it, or to shut their eyes to it. In many of the Colleges the obligatory attendance at chapel does not extend to more than three or four times a week; in some it is reduced to two, or even to one, or is altogether abolished, and replaced by a nominal roll-call. What is the use of gathering together day by day in the holy place three thousand young men, to see them studying Euclid there, or reading a French novel? When Oxford peaceably slept in a conventional Protestantism, when there was no rebellion against the established order of things, because there was no active thought, this material and cold worship was possible, and was sufficient. Now all is changed; that solemn caricature (*singerie*) of an august religion, that parody of the Mass without a Sacrifice, those mutilated prayers before an altar which has no tabernacle, do not satisfy minds haunted by doubt. It is either too much or too little."

This criticism of Oxford chapel attendance is perfectly true in substance, though we think that during chapel time it is scarcely true to represent the study of Euclid and of French novels as if it were a common occurrence. It is easy to understand how one of Father Prat's informants may have witnessed some exceptional abuse of the kind, and spoken of a solitary instance as if a frequent custom. We may also notice in passing that the number of compulsory attendances at chapel is in every case exclusive of the two attendances exacted on Sunday. But we continue:

"After chapel comes breakfast, then the indispensable newspaper and no less necessary cigar. In fact it is almost ten o'clock when these preliminaries are over, and the day commences."



Here again we should be inclined to substitute for "cigar," the more healthful and economical "pipe," and for ten o'clock (unless within the last few years there has been a change in undergraduate habits), an earlier hour, at least for reading men. In some Colleges lectures commence at nine, and there is generally some preparation for the ten o'clock lecture.

A student's day, Father Prat tells us, is divided into three unequal parts: (1) study; (2) amusements; (3) pleasure. The first of these is the shortest. After quoting the words of the father of "Tom Brown," that his object in sending him to College was not so much to make of him a good Greek scholar, as a "brave Englishman, loyal and frank, a gentleman, and a Christian," he points out how Oxford exactly fulfils the ideal of the British parent.

"In England, there are many parents who agree with this view, and it must be confessed that their sons enter into their fathers' sentiments. To them *education* is more important than *instruction*. The formation of the man, independence of character, inviolable attachment to principles, respect for all that deserves respect, have a hundred times more value in their eyes than a profound knowledge of the metres of Pindar or the style of Livy. We are not therefore astonished to see Oxford imbued with the same spirit. It is not that instruction is neglected; few Universities in the world distribute knowledge with a more liberal hand, and the student must be very difficult to please who, among the hundreds of courses of study open to him, does not find something to his taste."

After a description of the attempt made in 1877 to substitute a professorial for a College system of teaching, and of its failure to draw students away from the instruction of their College tutors to the wider circle of the University professorate, he draws a very true picture of the superabundance of teachers at Oxford. "There are no less than 126 professors, eight for theology, seven for law, ten for medicine, three for music, and all the rest for science and literature. These innumerable courses are like an alms given to a millionaire. Without going outside his own College, the student can find his own private tutor and many lectures beside. In the Colleges around, he can attend the lectures of other tutors by an arrangement made by the various Colleges. Lectures are only compulsory to a very modified extent. The student of the first year is expected to attend some twelve lectures a week as a minimum, and after that time the number gradually diminishes."

"The whole system in England is one that puts intellectual culture in a secondary position as compared with the general education of the whole man. This conviction influences the education of the public schools, as well as at the Universities. The youth is introduced to complete liberty by a series of invisible steps, instead of passing, as in France, from an excessive constraint to an excess of independence. In the public school at the age of twelve, he finds his life not so very different from that which he led under his father's roof. There are fixed hours for the classes, the meals, and the religious exercises. He has lessons to learn, but he can learn them when and where he likes. When he knows them, he can get ready his fishing-rod, go bird's-nesting, or take a stroll. You might fancy he was free; on the contrary, instead of one master he has now thirty. All the boys of the sixth form have the right to order him about, and especially the one to whom he is assigned as fag. . . . At the University these trammels cease. The student is his own master; no one has any right to require of him an account of the way he spends his time or his money, or of what he is doing. But if he arrived at the conclusion that now he was free, he would soon find out his mistake. The traditions of the place, a careful and yet active surveillance, the laws of good breeding and etiquette, the necessity of choosing a tutor and submitting his essays to him, are no little restraint upon his proceedings, and give him that proverbial air of reserve which sometimes amounts to positive awkwardness. If he joins, as most men do, a boating or a cricketing club, he will have to practise a long and enduring submission to the Captains of the Eight and the Eleven, to put up with their temper, and submit to the Draconian code which they think they have the right to enforce. In a word, so far from being isolated, and freed from all external influence, the young man has to live in a state of continual dependence and discipline. Thus the English student, at least at Oxford and Cambridge, is much less independent than the French. On the other hand, when he leaves the University, when he becomes a judge, professor, officer, inspector, or at the head of any department whatever, he will have infinitely more responsibility and power of initiative than in France; the English idea being that after so long an apprenticeship of obedience and subordination, a man is fitted to command others and to govern himself."

This admirable outline of the methods of English education

and of its contrast with the French system is certainly most instructive, and most satisfactory to an Englishman who loves his country. It is, as our readers can judge from the extract we have just given, accurate in almost every particular. But we must return to the historical account of an Oxford day.

"When the hours of mental labour are over, a new form of work begins, just as serious, just as important, and sometimes more painful. For at Oxford the sports are not for pleasure's sake, or if pleasure mingles with it, it is not an essential part of it." This exceeding importance attached to the games at Oxford has left a deep impression on Father Prat. They are evidently somewhat of a puzzle to him, and he does not and cannot thoroughly understand the intensity of enjoyment that the young Englishman finds in them. Yet his appreciation of them and of their influence on English life, is quite wonderful for one who looks on them from outside.

"It is on the cricket-field and on the tranquil waters of the Isis that the English student shows to the best advantage. At lecture he yawns; at chapel he dreams; at table he meditates (*rumine*); in the drawing-room he goes to sleep. But here he is himself: ready to show, without any wish to show off, all the British qualities: vigour, coolness, a quick steady eye, imperturbable patience, confidence in himself, and that extraordinary persistency that has so often won him the victory. The spectacle of these young men is certainly one flattering to English self-love. What fine men, what muscular power, what chests! We should be quite surprised if we found here any pale faces, weak lungs, or feeble limbs. Very few spectacles or eye-glasses, which are a constituent part of the dress of the German student. How can a dweller in Oxford become short-sighted if he is faithful to the traditions of the place?"

The amusements, or to speak more truly, the games, are of an infinite variety. To say nothing of hunting, riding, and excursions in drags, there are billiards, fives, tennis, lawn-tennis, or a quiet stroll under the trees, and along the streams of Oxford. But the two most popular games, without any comparison, are cricket and boating. Cricket is dangerous and almost impossible for those who do not begin it from childhood, and almost from the cradle. "In the outskirts of every English town you may see children of twelve, ten, or even six years old, engaged in a game at cricket, with the serious earnestness of grown-up men. Even under these conditions, accidents are

not rare ; but broken arms are cured, feet that are trampled on recover, and Englishmen continue, from instinct and as a point of honour to take their chance of accidents."

These last words, which we have quoted verbatim, rouse in our minds a strange, and we hope an unjust suspicion. Throughout his article, Father Prat, strange to say, has not a single word indicating his knowledge of the existence of such a game as football. When we read of the serious accidents which he lays to the charge of cricket, we were at first unable to find any solution for the problem of "broken arms and feet trampled on," and of the other terrible dangers of the cricket-field. But it gradually dawned upon us that the solution of the mystery is to be found in the fact that Father Prat visited Oxford in the summer term. His knowledge of cricket was drawn partly from his own observation, and as far as his remarks are based on personal knowledge, we may feel sure that so careful and accurate an observer may be relied upon. But he was also necessarily dependent in great measure on the report of trustworthy informants. They would naturally give him some description of the more perilous game of football. They would explain that there is a variety in the Oxford games in winter time, and we can easily understand how even a man of Father Prat's acute intelligence would mistake a game entirely different from cricket from merely another and a rougher form of the same sport, played on the same ground as both games are, both too played with a ball, and with the same number of players. The mistake is one that no one can be surprised at, but we certainly strongly suspect that cricket is accredited with the *jambes cassées et pieds foulés* which might be laid to the charge of the more perilous and violent football.

This is, however, an unimportant detail, which we only notice as a curious instance of the almost insuperable difficulty of understanding games and pastimes with which we are personally unfamiliar. In the following passage we fancy that some of Father Prat's informants must have to some extent drawn the long bow in the severities undergone by a College crew, and in one or two other particulars.

"Rowing, even more than cricket, requires lungs which cannot tire, the chest of an athlete, and muscles of iron. For many weeks before the eight-oar races, the crew have to row every day ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles (!). Each College

has its eight oarsmen, just as it has its eleven cricket-players. The Eight and the Eleven are persons of much greater importance than those who obtain honours in the schools (!). But so high a dignity is not attained very easily. For a year or more the candidate has to undergo regular practice in boats of different names and shapes, and in silence to put up with the abuse and sarcasms (*les quolibets et les saillies*) of the coxswain, whose desire seems to be to try the patience of the learner even more than his skill and strength. Thus the distinguished honour of being one of the College Eight is not reached without some drawbacks. For weeks and months (*sic*) the crew have to submit to the austere *regimen* agreed upon between the captain and the coxswain under pretext of health, but with the obvious result of half-starving (*affamer*) all the crew, and making them almost die of thirst (!). No more strong drinks or late vigils, very small quantities of heady wines, still less of sweets or of piquant sauces, even beer limited to a certain quantity: such is the price paid for the glory of representing one's College in the Eight."

We must not blame Father Prat even if he has made his picture bright by sometimes laying on the colours with a rather unsparing hand, especially as he pays a high tribute to the effects of these athletic exercises on the English character, and contrasts the English methods of education with those of the French Lycees, not a little to our own advantage.

"Where is it that those brave soldiers are formed, those officers who join valour to coolness and self-confidence, activity in command to the habits of obedience and calmness in the presence of danger, who have so largely contributed to form the colossal English Empire, the greatest that the world has ever seen? For one who has seen these noble sports, the reply is no difficult one."

After remarking that these exercises are a physical necessity for the young Englishman, Father Prat contrasts the amount of time given to study in England with the long hours of the French scholar. "In England the student does not give more than eight hours a day to head work. In our 'Lycees,' work lasts ten hours and a half, and longer in the case of those who are being trained for Government schools. The unhappy victims of these programmes of admission to Government schools will have to work twelve, thirteen, or even fourteen hours a day, with a chance of killing themselves by it, and with a certainty

of hating study ever after. And what is there to counteract this excessive intellectual labour? A little compulsory gymnastics, performed in the presence of a master, and odious under both these heads; short recreations between four walls which scarcely allow a little corner of the sky to be seen; occasional walks in the crowded streets and heavy atmosphere of a large town. What are the results? The body is ill-shaped, the imagination is in a state of ferment, the human animal gets excited, and growls and gnaws (*mord en rugissant*) at the bars of its cage."

Ought not this testimony of a patriotic Frenchman make us thank God for our English system of education?

We must pass over Father Prat's graphic description of a College dinner in Hall, with its sumptuary, but most useful laws prohibitory of extravagance of all kinds, and especially of the introduction of wine at the student's tables. The exclusion of wine Father Prat does not approve: "*C'est dommage.*" But we imagine he says this with the idea that the wine drunk would be a harmless *vin ordinaire*, which it certainly would not. We must pass over, too, his life-like sketch of the ordinary occupations of an Oxford evening, of the temptations that beset reading-men to set aside their books for billiards, whist, or conversation; of the wine-parties, which, in spite of some abuses, he regards, and very rightly, as an excellent institution; of the Greek plays which have been acted with brilliant success, though at present they seem to be rather going out of fashion. He speaks with just praise of the control exercised by the Proctors, and of the consequent absence from the streets of Oxford of disorderly characters, save where a noisy party of students at their peril parade the streets playing various instruments of music, and produce an "infernal charivari." Of the Union debating club he gives a most appreciative account, from which we gather that he must have assisted in person at its debates, recognizing its important function as the training-ground of the future English orator. But we must hasten on to his general summary of the impressions made upon him by his sojourn at Oxford, and by all that he learned from others and himself observed of the training and influence of the University. After following the student to the hour when, "after a day spent in the happy admixture of study, vigorous exercise, and social enjoyment, with body weary and limbs dislocated (*sic*) by pulling the oar or throwing



the ball, he enjoys a happy sleep and innocent repose, such as the tender mother desires for her child," Father Prat pictures to himself the verdict on Oxford life that will probably be passed by the French educator who reads the article.

"Too much of amusements and games, too little Algebra and Sanscrit, will without doubt be the thought that will occur to the minds of our French pedagogues. But if the games are such as inure the body to fatigue, and strengthen the character, if the very pleasures, while they furnish an honest recreation, at the same time develope social talent, bring men together, teach the student the important art of winning his equals by his gentlemanlike bearing, courteousness, affability, and distinguished manners, are you to condemn those games and pleasures? Do you think that you have attained to the *ne plus ultra* of progress when you have made of the scholar a calculating machine or a walking dictionary? as if man had nothing but a brain, and in that brain no lobe save that of memory."

"Let us be fair enough not to measure anybody by our own measure. Our young Frenchmen, with rare exceptions, study in order to gain their livelihood. Their diploma is their bread. What is the use talking to them of rank to maintain, of influence to be gained, of study for study's sake, or of ornamental arts which make life beautiful without bringing in a single shilling, when there weighs on their minds the terrible problem of Hamlet? In Oxford and Cambridge, on the contrary, that which brings young men to study there is certainly the thought of their future, but it is not anxiety about a livelihood. The students are rich it is true; if they were not, they would turn their hopes elsewhere and would not ambition an education altogether above their means. As you walk in Carfax (*sic*) you see the pick of England passing by; the aristocracy of blood, talent, and wealth; noblemen destined to take their father's places in the House of Lords, clergymen whose name, family connections, and the education which is the best part of their inheritance, promise them a high position in the Established Church; young men of humbler rank, but of a talent above the average, who owe their presence at the University to one of the numerous scholarships which are bestowed by the Colleges. These last, it is true, study for a livelihood, but their exceptional talent guarantees them against want. They will receive when they desire it one of the rich sinecures or fat livings of their College.

They will not be raised above their position, and the aristocratic education of Oxford will not be for them a purple cloak thrown over the shoulders of a beggar. Let those whose chief object is a Degree go to Durham, Dublin, one of the four Scottish Universities, or the London University, which last is a mere 'Examination bureau,' distributing every year its honours at a low rate. They will perhaps know more Greek, more comparative grammar, more analytical geometry, history, and geography than the students of Oxford and Cambridge, but when they enter on the struggle of life they will learn to their cost the gulf that separates a guarantee of being educated from a mere certificate of study."

This is testimony of no small value—coming as it does from an impartial source and from a man of Father Prat's discrimination and experience—as to the respective value of residential and non-residential Universities. The actual examinations of Oxford he estimates at about the same value in point of knowledge required, as that which has to be passed by a French lawyer. But nearly half the students of Oxford are not satisfied with a mere "pass," and to go in for honours entails a far more serious mental effort. Yet the chief value of an Oxford degree is not to be found in the mere passing of an examination. Here Father Prat gives most forcibly the secret of the transforming influence of the English Universities on the minds of their students. "What is worth more than the examination even for honours, is the continual contact with distinguished men, the daily and close intercourse with those choice intellects to whom study is at the same time a duty, a passion, and their very life. This admixture under the same roof, in the same company, at the same table, of professors and pupils cannot fail to exert on the latter a most happy influence. A multitude of ideas respecting art, philosophy, history, poetry, and literature, falling on these young and virgin intelligences, take root and bear fruit by a sort of hidden process that escapes observation and of which they are not themselves conscious. Their intellectual culture is to be measured less by the number of disconnected notions, picked up from all sides previous to an examination, to be soon forgotten, than by the ruling ideas, deeply planted in the mind by a master hand, then fertilized by reflection and ripened by time."

The love of Oxford men for their *Alma Mater*, which

amounts almost to a passion, and the pride of the University in her distinguished sons (of which the reception given to Cardinal Newman in 1878 is a striking example), proves the happy relations of the University to her children.

Yet Oxford, says Father Prat, has her faults. There is an inclination to indolence, a too great fondness for games of chance, a tendency to run heavily into debt, and a somewhat narrow and exclusive spirit. This Father Prat regards as less pardonable on account of Oxford being the Seminary for the Anglican clergy. We believe this is quite true, and that many a poor curate is hampered for long years by his Oxford debts. Father Prat's recognition of the religious character and influence of the clergy of the Establishment shows a knowledge of English society that is remarkable in one who has only seen it from the outside.

"Virtues," he concludes, "there are in Oxford, and great virtues, but they are human virtues: the supernatural plays a very small part in them. It is a lofty self-respect (*le moi altier*) which lays down the law of duty. Honour is the God of Oxford. We hear of a 'Purity Association,' which forbids all immodest words and actions. All honour to this heavenly apparition, this gleam of the supernatural! Alas, the purity known and honoured at Oxford is not the humble lily of St. Aloysius, but the proud, artificial flower of Epictetus."

We only miss one element of modern Oxford in Father Prat's admirable account of the University. In the concluding paragraph he has one brief allusion to it. The ever-advancing spirit of rationalism is so important a feature there that we almost wonder that he has not dwelt on it more at length. Perhaps he regarded it as lying outside the immediate subject of his article. It is, moreover, not distinctive of Oxford, which in this respect does but reflect the ever-encroaching scepticism which is the infallible doom of all countries where Protestantism prevails.

We cannot take leave of Father Prat without once more acknowledging with hearty thanks his masterly sketch of the life of modern Oxford, and expressing our hope that our readers will not be contented with this mere summary of it, but will carefully study it for themselves.

### *Walled-up Alive.*

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And now the blind old Abbot rose  
To speak the Chapter's doom  
On those the wall was to enclose  
Alive within the tomb.

(Scott, *Marmion*, canto ii. 25.)

AMONG the treasured convictions which have sunk deep down into the heart of the ordinary English Protestant, there is none more firmly rooted than the belief that all monasteries, but more especially the houses of religious women, are essentially prisons. In a moment of weakness, despondency, or highly wrought enthusiasm (disappointed love seems to be held responsible by the class of persons to whom we refer for about 90 per cent. of vocations to the cloister), the poor deluded victim takes the fatal step and gives in her name to a religious order. From that hour she is bound by adamant chains. In a more primitive state of society, we are told, the natural result of this system was to lead to grave moral disorders, to convert tender women into cruel fanatics, or at best to destroy in them all independent judgment even of right and wrong. But in some cases the prisoner driven to desperation would break out into open revolt. When this took place, the well-instructed Protestant knows exactly what followed. A solemn conclave was held, the nun who had transgressed her vows was compelled to undergo some terrible imprisonment or torture, and in extreme cases amid a mockery of religious ceremonial she was built up alive into a niche in the wall to perish slowly by hunger and suffocation.

No one can suspect a man like Sir Walter Scott of pandering to mere vulgar bigotry, and yet this is the legend for which he pledges his credit as a student of history in a well-known episode of *Marmion*. Since his day this monstrous fiction may have fallen a little lower in the scale of respectability, but it is very far from having died out. There is hardly an anti-Catholic meeting of any kind, at which, if the question of

convent life happens to turn up, the old charge is not in some shape or other repeated. When the Birmingham Oratory was in course of erection, as readers of Cardinal Newman's *Present Position of Catholics* will remember, something very like a popular outbreak took place excited by the discovery of a supposed series of dungeons in the basement. Still more recently a similar calumny was circulated among the Protestant workmen at Stonyhurst during the first stages of the erection of a ventilating shaft. But to illustrate the shape in which this venerable spectre is continually being resuscitated, I cannot do better than quote a passage from a lecture on *Convents Romish and Anglican* printed only a few months back, and prepared as a handbook to accompany a set of magic-lantern slides. The entertainment thus provided is intended, it seems, for Young Men's Societies and Sunday Schools, and is to be introduced, be it understood, *by prayer*.

But we have yet another punishment that is probably still in use in the Romish system, and that is burying the nun alive. It is almost incredible that Satan can exercise such power over men as to make them believe it is right to do this. It is probably borrowed in part from the ancient custom of burying alive the vestal virgin who had committed some crime. In Mexico, owing to the climate, most perfect skeletons of walled-up nuns have lately been discovered in a state of complete preservation in old disused monasteries. Here is a picture of one. Dr. Grattan Guinness has seen such skeletons there quite lately.<sup>1</sup>

To illustrate this we have "Slide 30, *Walling up a Nun*," "Slide 31, *Skeleton of Immured Nun*."

Gross as is the calumny involved in a charge like this, it is not always, as some of my readers may have had occasion to discover, the easiest thing in the world to refute it satisfactorily. The majority of the writers who repeat such statements do not think it necessary to refer to any definite instances in support of their assertions. Of those who make a pretence of proof the greater number confine themselves to examples located in far-off countries, or dependent upon the testimony of persons whose evidence cannot for various reasons be subjected to any examination. There remain, however, a few instances which seem more or less within range, and as these are appealed to with all confidence by the more respectable

<sup>1</sup> Church Association and National Protestant League. Lecture No. 4, *Convents Romish and Anglican*. By the Rev. W. L. Holland, M.A.

of the assailants of monastic life, there can be no injustice in taking them as test cases to see the value of the evidence upon which the charges rest. This is what I have tried to do in the pages which follow, with the result that in not one of the alleged instances is there even a fair presumption, much less conclusive proof, that any religious was walled up or starved to death. If the assailants of monastic institutions have better evidence to bring, then by all means let them bring it. Catholics know that many terrible things were done in the middle ages, and it would not overthrow the foundations of their faith if here and there a religious establishment were found to have offended grievously against either morality or mercy. But the libel is certainly not justified by a mere appeal to *fama communis*, to common report, and if the practice was notorious it ought to be the easiest thing in the world to press the charge home. As a matter of fact, the attitude of the gentlemen of whom we speak is to catch at any straw, and I venture at the outset to illustrate their habit of mind by an example which, even supposing the facts were all exactly as alleged, is ludicrous from the animus and exaggeration of its language.

In a work called the *History of the Inquisition*,<sup>1</sup> by W. H. Rule, D.D., there is given at some length an account of the case of Fra Tommaso di Mileto, a conventual friar of the Order of St. Francis and a "victim" of the Roman Inquisition. The narrative, as Dr. Rule explains, is based upon some authentic records of the Holy Office which have curiously enough found their way into the library of Trinity College, Dublin.<sup>2</sup> Friar Tommaso had been found guilty of maintaining certain heretical propositions, denying, among other matters, the doctrine of the Real Presence and the Sacrament of Penance. Final judgment in the case was pronounced by Cardinal [St. Charles] Borromeo, who sentenced the offender to be "deprived of all ecclesiastical dignities and honours," but inasmuch as he was penitent "absolved him from the censures thus pronounced and ordered that he should receive absolution at once, under condition of returning to the Church and doing penance, the form of which penance is described in every particular, including the *abitello*, or penitential habit with a cross." Dr. Rule then continues:

<sup>1</sup> Second Edit. Two Vols. London, 1874.

<sup>2</sup> I see no reason to doubt the genuineness of these documents. See the paper by K. Beurath in Von Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*, 1879, i. p. 254.



This, it might have been thought, would have been accounted sufficient for a forgiven penitent, but after it comes the following dreadful sentence, necessary to satisfy the anger of the Church :

"And because it is not convenient and just to be zealous only in taking vengeance for offences committed against princes of the world, and yet not to be concerned for offences committed against the Divine Majesty, and also that crimes may not remain unpunished with bad example to our neighbour, it is our pleasure that you be walled up in a place surrounded with four walls—*che tu sij murato in un loco circondato da quattro mura*—which place we will cause to be assigned to you ; where with anguish of heart and abundance of tears, you shall bewail your sins and offences committed against the majesty of God, the holy mother Church, and the religion of the Father St. Francis, in which you have made profession."

And here we may pause for a moment before we allow Dr. Rule to express the emotions with which these horrors have filled him. It should, we might think, have occurred to him that he might possibly have misconceived the meaning of the original text. The word *murato*, as any fairly good dictionary will show, does not necessarily mean *walled up* in Italian, any more than the word "immured" necessarily means *walled up* in English.<sup>1</sup> The sentence enjoins that the friar is to be "confined within four walls," until he has had time to think over his conduct and give reasonable assurance of future good behaviour. This is the natural meaning of the words ; the more so as the substantive *murus* in mediæval Latin and all the derivative tongues was one of the commonest synonyms for "prison." Moreover, it is borne out by an appeal to any dictionary of authority, like the great work of Tommaseo, as

<sup>1</sup> See, e.g., any recent edition of Baretta, where under the word *murare*, we have "to inclose, shut in." Cf. Ferrari e Caccia, *Gran Dizionario Italiano-Francese*, and Tommaseo and Bellini, *Dizionario*. When the word is used in connection with a monastic prison, it takes of course in the dictionaries just the colouring which the writer's prejudices may choose to give it. The Rev. Mr. Gibbings, who originally published the account of Fra Tommaso's trial from the Dublin MS., seems to have had a suspicion that *murato* might after all mean something more innocent than "walled up," and defends his translation in a long note. The only point urged by him which in the least affects the case is his appeal to another document in the same series, where he says the words *fabbricato tra quattro mura*—built up [?] within four walls—are to be found. Unfortunately he does not give any context or even make clear what the subject is with which the words agree. In any case, one of the meanings of *fabbricato* in old Italian was something equivalent to *punished* (see Tommaseo and Bellini, s.v. § 9), and the word was and is used metaphorically in numberless ways. In mediæval Latin *fabricatus* was used sometimes in the sense of *ferrato*, ironed ; see Ducange.

well as by the fact that the phrase "within four walls"<sup>1</sup> is more or less idiomatic in every European language. The only thing "dreadful" in this matter is the intensity of the prejudice which, against all antecedent probability, jumps at once at the unfavourable interpretation. But we are interrupting the stream of Dr. Rule's indignant pathos. He thus continues :

So within four walls built up around him, but with sufficient space to kneel down before a crucifix and an image of the Virgin, this poor man was to be confined, and out of that place he was not to stir, but there suffer anguish of heart, and shed many tears. There was no order given for any door, but only four walls were to be built up around him ; and from what we know of these structures, we may suppose that a small opening was to be left above, for food to be dropped down to him. It was what would be called in England "a little-ease," where the prisoner was to be kept to putrify and expire in his own filth.<sup>2</sup>

The reference at this point to the "little-ease" of dear old England was perhaps slightly infelicitous, and Dr. Rule seems to have had his attention called to the slip. Accordingly in the later edition<sup>3</sup> he is careful to guide the minds of his readers into the proper channel by the addition of the words (little-ease) "in the days of Bonner." It is to be hoped that all right-minded Anglicans perusing this passage will fix their attention carefully in future upon the tyrannies of Bloody Mary, and not allow their thoughts to stray by any chance distraction in the direction of our good Queen Bess. But it is rather unfortunate that while the torture of the "little-ease" meets the student at every turn during the persecutions under Elizabeth, it is hardly known to have been used in the time of her elder sister. Finally, after a reference to some human remains seen by a Mr. Wetherell in the walls of the Inquisition at Seville, Dr. Rule concludes in evident bewilderment :

By some means or other, Fra Tommaso, the Minorite, escaped from his "place with four walls." He might have found a loose stone in the wall and broken through, or some one of the servants may have pitied him, and helped him to get out. Be that as it might, his effigy was burnt, according to a sentence read on the 8th of November, 1565.

<sup>1</sup> The phrase, *tra quattro mura*, is used of any close confinement without free egress, and Tommaseo with his liberalist prejudices cites the phrase, *chiudere tra quattro mura una fanciulla*, as a popular equivalent of sending a girl into a convent. But even Dr. Rule will hardly suppose that every girl that goes into a convent is walled-up. Cf. the French *mettre entre quatre murailles*.

<sup>2</sup> *History of the Inquisition*, First Edit. p. 375.

<sup>3</sup> *Id.* Second Edit. vol. ii. p. 197.

Thus is legend manufactured. Perhaps it was hardly worth while to take Dr. Rule quite so seriously, but it is a memorable and striking instance of the *mythus in fieri*. Moreover, it leads up to another point to which it is very important to direct attention in the confused tangle of fiction and prejudice which we are here discussing.

Let us suppose that Dr. Rule, and the author from whom he borrows, are perfectly correct in their interpretations—what, we may ask, would follow? Let us suppose that Fra Tommaso was really condemned, as they seem to imagine, to stand patiently in an open space while the stone-masons of the Holy Office solemnly erected four walls around him—what is the peculiar horror of this form of imprisonment? After all he was to receive his daily rations, he had room enough to turn round in, with “a crucifix and a statue of the Virgin,” and as the event showed, he was not debarred from the hope of escape. This is a totally different thing from the ordinary Protestant conception of nuns built up alive into a niche in the wall to starve or to suffocate in a few hours. Heaven forbid that we should seek to extenuate the horrors of any form of perpetual imprisonment in one spot, but whether the sufferer was shut in by masonry or by a door whose bolts were never to be drawn back, could hardly make so very much difference. Yet at that epoch there was scarcely a castle or civil prison in Europe but had dungeons where victims might be and were immured until death came to deliver them. It is shocking and terrible to look back upon, no doubt, but it is no more reasonable to seek to create a prejudice against Catholics on that score, than it would be to condemn the British nation of immodesty because their ancestors went naked.

Now it is precisely this sort of evidence which is largely appealed to in a vague and ill-defined way to support the calumny of the immuring of nuns. In the conception of Sir Walter Scott, and in the mouths of those who shelter themselves behind his authority, a plain and clear charge is made that nuns who broke their vows were not uncommonly built up into niches in the wall. Sir Walter is so well acquainted with the whole proceeding that he informs us in a note, which I shall have occasion to quote in full later on, that “the awful words *vade in pace* were the signal for immuring the criminal.” Where he obtained his information he does not say; but this much happens to be true, that the phrase *in pace* is used in modern

French as a synonym for dungeon or *cachot*,<sup>1</sup> and is applied more or less technically by archæologists to the prison-cells found in some ancient monasteries for the confinement of refractory religious. These cells were in no sense niches in the wall such as Sir Walter Scott has in mind, neither were they walled up, but they were closed with doors like other cells, barred no doubt from the outside by those in charge of the prisoner. That they were often the reverse of luxurious, needs no saying, for they were intended for the punishment of those whose ordinary conditions of life as to food, clothing, and lodging would be regarded with horror by the inmate of a modern convict prison. What the history of the word *in pace* as applied to these structures has been, I have found it impossible to ascertain satisfactorily.<sup>2</sup> The word has been used in French since the sixteenth century or earlier, but in Latin Ducange offers but a single example, and that under the heading *vade in pace*. Strange to say, it is always to this same example that any modern writers who happen to give references lead us back either mediately or immediately, until the doubt arises whether the use of the phrase for a monastic prison-cell was ever anything more than a local designation in mediæval times, arising possibly in the grim humour of one particular monastery. However, this is quite a subsidiary point. The important fact is, that when the phrase *in pace* is used by continental writers, or when an appeal is made to history to illustrate its meaning, we find that the instances given are simply cases of perpetual imprisonment, and in no instance have the slightest reference to walling-up alive in the sense of Sir Walter Scott. Of course it is impossible to speak quite positively in such a matter. The difficulty of proving a negative is proverbial, and he would be a rash man who would venture to set a limit to the horrors which a mediæval controversialist in a rage was capable of laying to the charge of his adversaries. But this much may be said, that after examining such few references as are quoted by those who declare that the practice of walling-up alive was a fact, I have not yet come across an instance where there was the least reason to suppose that the writer

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Il faudrait  
Dit l'enfant Ruy, trouver quelque couvent discret  
Quelqu' *in pace* bien calme où cet enfant vieillisse.

(Victor Hugo, *Ruy Blas*).

<sup>2</sup> Little or nothing is to be found on the subject in Littré, Bescherelle, Ducange, Godfroy, or Scheler.

was thinking of the bricking up of a niche in the sense of Scott's *Marmion*. Cases occur undoubtedly of confinement in some cruelly narrow cell. More than once the accusation is made that prisoners were deliberately allowed to starve upon a pittance insufficient to support life. But these instances are all quite different from the "living tomb" of the poet, the idea uppermost in the minds of the lecturers and platform orators who make capital of it to excite the horror of their audience.

For the majority of these gentlemen it is impossible, for reasons already explained, to submit their statements to any investigation; but we may examine, as far as space will permit, the allegations made by some of the more respectable of those who disseminate the tradition. From these we may learn how little to expect of the others.

An American writer, a Mr. H. C. Lea, who enjoys among his own countrymen a considerable reputation for historical research, has published of late years three substantial volumes entitled *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*. The author has apparently spent his life<sup>1</sup> in raking together with laborious assiduity every scandal and every gruesome story he could find which reflected unfavourably upon the mediæval Church in any part of the world. "The evil that men do lives after them" we are told on good authority, and the natural result of this accumulation of horrors unrelieved by any attempt to examine the brighter colours of the picture has been to produce in Mr. Lea's mind an extremely strong bias against the Catholic Church in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At the same time Mr. Lea is a writer of quite a different stamp from some of the fanatics referred to above. He is an educated man who understands the value of documentary evidence, and who would not, I am fain to believe, be guilty of any intentional falsification of his materials. Naturally Mr. Lea has been led to devote a good deal of attention to the religious punishments of the middle ages, and one turns with considerable interest to his pages, feeling sure that any horror or cruelty in monasteries or out of them, for which evidence can be quoted, will not have escaped his diligence. What adds to the importance of his work is the fact that he has incorporated in it all the researches of M. Molinier of Toulouse, who has devoted many years to investigating the MS. records of the Inquisition in

<sup>1</sup> I refer here particularly to the *History of Celibacy* by the same author.

the South of France,<sup>1</sup> a region where the cruelties practised against the Albigensian and Waldensian heretics have long supplied Protestant controversialists with a favourite topic of declamation.

That Mr. Lea has plenty to tell about the various forms of imprisonment enjoined by the Inquisition need hardly be said. The technical name for it, at any rate in the South of France, was *murus*, a fact which may be commended to the consideration of our friend Dr. Rule; it was divided into three kinds, *largus*, *strictus*, and *strictissimus*. In the case of the *murus largus*, the prisoner was allowed to take exercise in the corridors; in the *strictus*, he was not allowed to leave his cell; in the *murus strictissimus*,<sup>2</sup> he was thrust into some dreadful dungeon, chained, it would seem, hand and foot.<sup>3</sup> It does not appear that the regulations were always enforced with equal severity, and M. Molinier gives numerous instances of the prisoners obtaining *licentiam exeundi murum*—leave to quit the precincts of the gaol, sometimes for a fortnight or more together.

It is important to call attention to the meaning here given to *murus*, because the word seems to have led even some Catholic writers into the belief, as I conceive, an erroneous one, that the offenders condemned to perpetual prison had the door of their cells literally *walled up*, though apertures were left both for light and for the introduction of food. Now Eymeric, himself Inquisitor General, the author of the official handbook of inquisitorial procedure, says in this work: "In some towns, as at Toulouse and at Carcassonne, the Inquisitors have in their establishment prisons, which they call *muri*, because these cells are contiguous to the *walls of the town*."<sup>4</sup> If this etymology be correct, it has a curious analogy to that of the *piombi* of Venice—the dungeons underneath the *leads*, in which Silvio Pellico, for instance, was confined. Other early writers, however, with the support of

<sup>1</sup> Molinier, *L'Inquisition dans le Midi de la France*.

<sup>2</sup> The *murus strictissimus* is mentioned by Mr. Lea. M. Molinier, the more trustworthy investigator, speaks only of *murus largus* and *murus strictus*.

<sup>3</sup> The stench and filth of some of the Elizabethan prisons, of which we have details too horrible to be set down here, exceed anything recorded of the dungeons of the Inquisition. See, e.g., Father Pollen's *Acts of English Martyrs* or Jardine's *Use of Torture*, &c. We may notice also an interesting parallel to the *murus largus* and *strictus* in the "liberty of gaol" and "close prison" of which we have record in the same reign.

<sup>4</sup> See *Directorium Inquisitionis*, p. 635.



Molinier, who will not be suspected of partiality, believe the name to come from the fact that the cells were constructed against the wall of the prison. It seems to me abundantly clear that if exit from these cells had really been barred by masonry, this doubt about the origin of the name could never have existed. At Toulouse these cells, says Molinier, were known as *le prison des enmurés*; at Carcassonne the people called them *la mure*, a Provençal form of *le mur*.<sup>1</sup> In any case it is clear, from the constant use of the terms *murus largus* and *licentiam exeundi murum*, that the doors were not walled up, neither does Molinier suggest such a thing.

Of course in many cases there was a severity shown which no one could attempt to excuse, except on the ground that it was absolutely universal at that epoch, and lasted, in our own country for instance, until long after Reformation times. On the sufferings of the victim, as might be expected, Mr. Lea dilates with gusto. But if anybody should search his volumes for confirmation of the legend supported by Sir Walter Scott he will meet very little to reward his pains.

One instance, however, to which he refers has some bearing upon the matter in question, and may be quoted here. Religious, Mr. Lea tells us, convicted of heresy were not confined in the prisons of the Inquisition but in the cells provided in the different monasteries for the punishment of offenders. "In the case of Jeanne, widow of B. de la Tour, a nun of Lespinasse, in 1246, who had committed acts of both Catharan and Waldensian heresy, and had prevaricated in her confession, the sentence was confinement in a separate cell in her own convent, where no one was to enter or see her, her food being pushed in through an opening left for the purpose, in fact the living tomb known as the *in pace*."<sup>2</sup>

It need hardly be remarked that this case is very far from

<sup>1</sup> Molinier, loc. cit. p. 435.

<sup>2</sup> Lea, op. cit. i. p. 487. It is perhaps desirable to give the Latin of this sentence. "Item, anno et die predictis (June 24, 1246), quia Joanna uxor quondam B. de Turre de Tholosa, monialis nunc de Lespinassa vidit et adoravit pluries hereticos, &c., includatur infra septa monasterii de Lespinassa, in aliqua camerula separata, ne alii ad ipsam nec ipsa ad alios accedat, sed ibidem exterius sibi necessaria ministrentur. Et mandamus priorisse de Lespinassa quod sibi juxta prædictum modum faciat provideri." (Molinier, l.c. p. 71, quoted from *Cod. Lat. Bib. Nat.* par. 9,992, fol. 6 A.) It will be observed that the passage loses nothing in Mr. Lea's translation: "Her food being pushed in through an opening left for the purpose," is rather a free rendering of *exterius sibi necessaria ministrentur*. Beyond the wording of this sentence we know absolutely nothing of the case.

bearing out the notion of the *in pace* which is found in Sir Walter Scott. There is not a word about walling up, and it is quite clear that the prisoner was supplied with food. But it is particularly interesting because from the prominence given to it both by Mr. Lea and Mr. Molinier, it is tolerably clear that they have no instance to adduce of greater severity.

But Mr. Lea adds in a note: "The cruelty of the monastic system of imprisonment known as *in pace*, or *vade in pacem*, was such that those subjected to it speedily died in all the agonies of despair," and then he goes on to cite the appeal of the Archbishop of Toulouse to King John of France to mitigate the severity of this solitary confinement, and the resulting *ordonnance* of the King that the Superior of the convent should twice a month visit and console the prisoner, who moreover should have the right twice a month to ask for the company of one of the monks.<sup>1</sup> Now it is a curious fact that the one passage here referred to is the only justification I have been able to find of the use of the word *in pace* by mediæval writers in the sense of prison. As already mentioned, Ducange gives only this solitary example, and writers after quoting from one another seem always in the end to be traceable to this. It is fortunate however that the letter defines the meaning of the term so that we can see how little it accords with the modern conception. This cruel imprisonment which is called by the monks *vade in pace*, is explained by the merciful Archbishop to be perpetual and solitary confinement in a gloomy dungeon upon bread and water, and he asks the Sovereign to insist upon its mitigation, as it is found that many sufferers die under it. Strict orders for its alleviation, as already mentioned, were at once issued by King John, and indeed there may be found in the *Corpus Juris Canonici* more than one ordinance of the Holy See passing restrictions upon the too great severity of the monastic prisons. To enter into these would take us too far from our present purpose, but it may be sufficient to repeat that neither here nor in the revelations of Messrs. Lea and Molinier is there any suggestion to be found of walled-up niches or of the withdrawal of that modicum at least of bread and water, necessary to sustain life.<sup>2</sup> Such regulations as we

<sup>1</sup> The document is given at length in Baluzi's notes to *Capitularia Regum Francorum*, ii. p. 1088.

<sup>2</sup> Compare with this treatment the *peine forte et dure* of English Common Law enacted against the prisoner who stood "mute of malice." He was to be "stretched

do find enjoining the occasional companionship of other monks seem on the contrary to point to a cell that could be entered by a door or at least to one that permitted easy communication with the outside world.<sup>1</sup>

Somewhat nearly akin to these punishment cells which the French call *in pace's*, and in the delightfully vague language of anti-Popery declamation commonly identified with them, is the *oubliette*. Properly speaking the *oubliette* should be regarded as the adjunct of the feudal castle rather than of the mediæval monastery. By archæologists who, are accurate in the use of terms, the word is used to denote a sort of well or secret chamber constructed under the floor of a room, and so arranged that the victim whom it was desired to get rid of could be precipitated into it through a trap-door or other contrivance. There he was killed by the fall or left to starve. Now, as it cannot be too often repeated, this paper by no means undertakes the defence of mediæval punishments, but still it is worth while pointing out how utterly unreliable in their regard is the voice of popular tradition, and I venture to quote on the subject of the *oubliette* a few words from M. Viollet le Duc, an archæologist whose acquaintance with the byways of mediæval architecture is confessedly unrivalled. There is hardly an ancient castle says this authority,<sup>2</sup> whose words I am forced to condense, where the attention of the visitor is not called to the *oubliettes*, but the vast majority of the pits so designated are nothing more nor less than latrines. I have seen, he continues, in plenty of castles, abbeys, and other ancient buildings, dungeons (*des cachots*) and punishment cells (*des vade in pace*),

upon his back and to have iron laid upon him as much as he could bear and more, and so to continue, fed upon bad bread and stagnant water, through alternate days until he pleaded or died." (Stephen, *History of the Criminal Law*, i. p. 297.) It was last inflicted as recently as the year 1736.

<sup>1</sup> One or two other details may be added. Mr. Lea says: "While the penance prescribed was a diet of bread and water, the Inquisition, with unwonted kindness, did not object to its prisoners receiving from their friends contributions of food, wine, money, and garments, and among its documents are such frequent allusions to this that it may be regarded as an established custom." (p. 491.) Again the same writer complains "that *through long years* the miserable inmates endured a living death far worse than the short agony of the stake." We need not stay to inquire whether perpetual imprisonment is worse than death, but it is clear that the prisoners *lived*, which is not the idea of Exeter Hall. Lastly, it is also beyond question, from the evidence both of Molinier and Mr. Lea, that the Holy See from time to time intervened peremptorily on the side of mercy. In 1306, under Clement V., the Inquisitor, a bishop, was deposed.

<sup>2</sup> *Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française au Moyen Age*, vol. vi. pp. 452, 453.

but I know only three *oubliettes* which have any claim to be considered as such. Of these three the only one as to whose destination he is satisfied is that of the Castle of Pierrefonds. M. Viollet le Duc had himself lowered to the bottom of the shaft, but no trace whatever existed of any human remains, although no visible means of removing them existed if any one had ever been precipitated there. Altogether upon the whole question M. Viollet le Duc finds himself in entire agreement with the hardly less distinguished archæologist M. Prosper Mérimée, whose words he quotes. "The middle ages are too often painted in extravagant colours, and the imagination accepts much too readily the atrocities which romance writers assign to spots like these. How many wine vaults and wood cellars have been mistaken for frightful dungeons! How many bones thrown away from the kitchen have been regarded as the remains of the victims of feudal tyranny!" He then instances the case of these *oubliettes* and concludes: "Without absolutely denying the existence of such things, they ought nevertheless to be considered as very rare and only to be admitted where there is clear proof of the purpose they were intended to serve."<sup>1</sup> As for the walled-up niche which is alone in question here, I have not yet been able to find the name of any archæologist of repute who so much as discusses the matter. What may be met with occasionally in a respectable author is an appeal to the authority of Sir Walter Scott, or a vague reference to certain "discoveries" which are not found upon examination to rest upon very reliable evidence. I propose to devote the remainder of this paper to the investigation of some of these stories.

When Sir Walter Scott introduced into *Marmion* the episode so often referred to, he added at the same time a note which may as well be given entire.

It is well known that the religious who broke their vows of chastity were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, *Vade in pace*, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that in latter times this punishment was often resorted to; but among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which from the shape of the niche and the position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun. (Note 2 M.)

<sup>1</sup> *Instructions du Comité historique des arts et monuments,—Architecture Militaire*, pp. 75—82.

To which Lockhart in his edition of the poems adds this valuable comment :

The Edinburgh Reviewer, on stanza xxxii. *post*, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is *vade in pacem*—not *part in peace*, but *go into peace*, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible *mittimus* to another world.

It is a pity that Sir Walter has not made us acquainted with the sources whence he derived this important information. The reference to Coldingham, however, is at least something to go upon, although even that might certainly be more definite. Still Coldingham is not unknown to fame. As early as the beginning of the seventh century, St. Ebba, or Abb, built a nunnery there, which seems to have been of the kind called mixed—*i.e.*, including both monks and nuns under the rule of an Abbess. It was destroyed by the Danes before 880, but in 1098 a priory for monks was founded in the same spot by Edgar, King of Scotland, as an appanage to Durham. In this way Coldingham comes to occupy a very considerable place in Raine's great *History of North Durham*. It receives full attention also in Mackenzie Walcott's *Ancient Church of Scotland*, as well as in Chalmer's *Caledonia*, Ridpath's *Border History*, and many other works, so that it seemed not unreasonable to expect that from one source or another satisfactory details would be forthcoming about Sir Walter's immured nun. To detail the various incidents of the quest undertaken in pursuit of this *ignis fatuus* would be highly uninteresting.<sup>1</sup> In the majority of the authoritative works named, and in a number of others, there is no allusion whatever to the discovery. On the other hand, the compilers of modern guide-books mention the episode to a man, copying each other, but of course without references. It will be sufficient therefore to say that the earliest mention of the story I have been able to find occurs in Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland* (1789), in the following words :

Some years ago in taking down a tower at the south-west corner of the building, a skeleton of a woman was found, who from several circumstances appeared to have been immured. She had her shoes on, which were long preserved in the custody of the minister.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It may be worth while to mention that a letter addressed to the minister of Coldingham asking if he could kindly supply any details or any references to a contemporary account of the discovery, has met with no reply.

<sup>2</sup> F. Grose, *Antiquities of Scotland* (1789), p. 95.

It is perhaps not too much to infer from this notice that the discovery must have been made a considerable time before Mr. Grose wrote. The remark that "her shoes were long preserved in the custody of the minister," seems rather to imply that they had then disappeared, and the mention of "a tower in the south-west corner of the building," leaves us to choose between two alternatives, either that the discovery was made in a wing of the priory where it cannot be pretended that nuns ever lived, as the priory was built solely for men, or that the date of the find was so remote that some of St. Ebba's nunnery was still standing. It is probably for this reason that Mr. Grose, a careful antiquary, says nothing about *nuns* or *in pace's*, but speaks only of "a woman who seemed to have been immured." Somewhat fuller details are given by later writers, but for brevity's sake we may content ourselves with the account to be found in Carr's *History of Coldingham*, still the standard work on the locality, composed in 1836 by a resident antiquary who was also a medical man :

On removing a portion of the ruins about fifty years ago, the bones of a female skeleton were discovered enclosed in a niche in one of the walls, which from its position, and the narrowness of the depository, are supposed to have been the remains of an *immured nun*. . . . Two sandals of thin leather, furnished with lachets of silk, were also found lying at the bottom of the recess.<sup>1</sup> Could it be satisfactorily proved that the skeleton was actually that of a nun, all doubt respecting the site of the last of the double monasteries would be dispelled, for as the priory was devoted exclusively to monks, the body must necessarily have been deposited there previous to its erection. In the absence of such evidence, it may be questioned whether it may not have been the remains of a monk who had been buried in an upright posture ; there being on record several instances of such a mode of burial practised in the Benedictine monasteries.<sup>2</sup>

Three extremely interesting conclusions may be deduced from the latter portion of this account. In the first place we learn that the site even of the original nunnery of St. Ebb is a matter of conjecture. Strange to say, the argument is not, as we might expect—a skeleton has been found among ruins known to be those of an ancient nunnery, therefore the skeleton is that of a nun. But it runs *ex converso*—human remains are

<sup>1</sup> "The sandals were long in the possession of the late Mr. Johnston, factor to the estate of Billy." (Note by Dr. Carr.)

<sup>2</sup> A. A. Carr, *History of Coldingham Priory*, p. 316.



found apparently walled up in a ruin, therefore the ruin must be that of a house of religious women.

Secondly we are reminded, that as the nunnery was finally wrecked by the Danes in 875, the remains, if those of one of the inmates, must have been in the wall for more than nine hundred years, which is a long time for the sandals to have been perfectly preserved in a situation so dubiously air-tight. I say nothing of the fact that the nunnery was destroyed by fire, which might have been supposed to shrivel the leather, even behind a wall.

Lastly, Dr. Carr lets us see that he, a diligent and competent investigator living on the spot, and therefore presumably able to question those with whom remained the tradition of the discovery, had found nothing to satisfy him that the remains were even those of a female.

A complaint was made a page or two back that no satisfactory particulars were forthcoming about this interesting find. Perhaps the reader will after all be disposed to think that the evidence is sufficient—sufficient, that is to say, to show how utterly untrustworthy are all the conclusions based upon it.

Amongst the works mentioned above as conspicuous by their silence respecting the immured nun of Coldingham is Mr. Mackenzie Walcott's *Ancient Church of Scotland*. That Mr. Walcott should not have bestowed even a foot-note upon the nun in his full account of Coldingham Priory is remarkable—the more so that in an earlier work he shows himself a devout believer in the good old Protestant tradition. In his justly-esteemed *Dictionary of Sacred Archaeology*, under the heading (monastic) "Prison," we find the following statements:

In all cases solitary confinement was practised, and in some cases the guilty were immured, after the pronouncement of the sentence, *Vade in pace*—"Go in peace." At Thornton the skeleton of Abbot de Multon, c. 1445, with a candlestick, chair (*sic*) and table, was found built up within a recess of the wall; and a cell with a loop looking towards the high altar, remains at the Temple, in which William (*sic*) le Bachelor, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, died.

Here then are two other interesting examples which invite verification. They are placed by Mr. Walcott in the front rank presumably as being the most satisfactory and the nearest home. At the same time we may remark *en passant* that neither the one nor the other in the least realizes the idea of Sir Walter Scott or the Exeter-Hallites. But let that pass. Mr. Walcott



unfortunately does not condescend to give references for particular statements. Instead of that, three or four pages at the beginning of his volume are devoted to a general citation of authorities, a practice which is about as helpful to those who desire to check his accuracy as if he had said, "*Vide MSS. at British Museum, passim.*" By a fortunate accident, however, an examination, among other sources, of the index to the *British Archaeological Journal* suggested a reference to the volume for 1846, where, in an article by J. H. P(arker) on *Thornton Abbey*, it was easy to recognize the source of Walcott's inspiration on the subject of Walter Multon.

All that is known upon this head may be given in very brief space indeed. William Stukeley, an archæologist of the eighteenth century, published in 1721 a work called *Itinerarium Curiosum*, the purpose of which is sufficiently described by its sub-title—"an account of the antiquitys and remarkable curiositys in nature or art observed in travels thro' Great Britain." Passing in one of his journeys by Thornton Abbey in Lincolnshire, he gives a rapid description of it. I quote the sentence which precedes and follows that which concerns our present subject, to show the casual nature of the reference.

Along the ditch within the gate are spacious rooms and staircases of good stone and ribwork arches. Upon taking down an old wall there, they found a man with a candlestick, table and book, who was supposed to have been immured. When you enter the spacious court, a walk of trees conducts you to the ruins of the church.<sup>1</sup>

Now this brief notice seems to be absolutely the only foundation of the story. Mr. Parker cites no other authority, as he almost certainly would have done if he had found anything more satisfactory. A search made in county histories, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and archæological journals has resulted in nothing further. So we are left for this fact to the casual remark of a traveller at the beginning of the eighteenth century who does not imply even that he believed the story, or saw the chamber, or knew how many years before his time the discovery may have been made. A candlestick, a table, and a book seem rather curious adjuncts for an immured man, and are certainly not provided for in Sir Walter Scott's plan of operations. Amongst the thousand and one accidents that might account for the discovery of a skeleton under such circumstances, the

<sup>1</sup> Stukeley, *Itinerarium Curiosum*, p. 95. First Edit.

suggestion that the remains were those of an Elizabethan priest forgotten in a hiding-place would at least have something more to say for itself than the theory of the wisecracks of Thornton.

But Messrs. Parker and Walcott are not only satisfied about the immuring, but they know that the victim was Walter de Multon, Abbot of Thornton in 1443. It appears that the compiler of a MS. history of the Abbey<sup>1</sup> writing about the year 1525, says that he had been unable to find any record of the death or place of burial of this particular abbot. Whence Mr. Parker concludes :

It is almost impossible to doubt that this significant passage has allusion to the fate of Walter Multon, who expiated his unrecorded offences by suffering that dire punishment, which, we have reason to believe, the secret and irresponsible monastic tribunals of the middle ages occasionally inflicted upon their erring brethren.<sup>2</sup>

It ought to be mentioned perhaps that according to Mr. Parker an old tradition exists in the place of an abbot having been immured there, but we are not told by whom the tradition was ascertained, nor given any reason to think that this is more than a confused popular recollection of the incident mentioned by Stukeley.<sup>3</sup>

The other instance of an immured prisoner which Mr. Walcott cites with all the air of appealing to an ascertained fact as certain as the accession of Queen Victoria, is the case of "William," he means Walter, le Bacheler, whose supposed cell may still be visited in the Temple Church, London. His authority in this case would seem to have been the tolerably well-known work of Mr. Addison, published in 1842. However

<sup>1</sup> MS. Tanner, 166.

<sup>2</sup> *The Archaeological Journal*, ii. p. 593. The "significance" of the passage is probably due to Mr. Parker's manner of translating it. He does not give the original Latin.

<sup>3</sup> In a recently published volume entitled *Bygone Lincolnshire*, by W. Andrews, we read : "The Abbot's house on the south is now occupied as a farm-house. In making the excavations was found a tomb inscribed, 'Roberti et Julia (sic) 1443,' and in a wall was found a skeleton with a table, a book, and a candlestick, supposed to be the remains of *Thomas de Gretham*, the fourteenth Abbot, who was immured (buried alive within a wall) for some crime or breach of monastic rule. The Annals of the Abbey are somewhat scanty, there being little known of its ecclesiastical or domestic history." (p. 146.) The author of the paper in which this passage occurs, Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., in answer to my inquiries, has kindly informed me that he is indebted for this information to Timbs (*Abbeys and Castles*, vol. i. p. 374). This looks like an independent tradition ; but further investigation reveals that it is nothing of the sort. Timbs simply copies somebody who copies Parker, and Mr. Ross has blundered in reproducing Timbs.

this may be, Mr. Addison's presentation of the facts is so dramatic that it would be a pity not to allow him to tell the story.

This dreary place of solitary confinement is formed within the wall of the church, and is only four feet, six inches long, and two feet, six inches wide, so that it would be impossible for a grown man to lie down with any degree of comfort within it. Two small apertures or loopholes, four feet high and nine inches wide, have been pierced through the walls to admit light and air. One of these apertures looks eastward into the body of the church, towards the spot where stood the high altar, in order that the prisoner might see and hear the performance of Divine Service, and the other looks southward into the Round, facing the west entrance of the church. The hinges and catch of a door, firmly attached to the doorway of this dreary prison, still remain, and at the bottom of the staircase, is a stone recess or cupboard, where bread and water were placed for the prisoner.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Addison then continues :

In this miserable cell were confined the refractory and disobedient brethren of the Temple, and those who were enjoined severe penance with solitary confinement. Its dark secrets have long since been buried in the silence of the tomb, but one sad tale of misery and horror connected with it has been brought to light.

Several of the brethren of the Temple at London, who were examined before the Papal Inquisitors, tell us of the miserable death of Brother Walter le Bacheler, Knight, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, who, for disobedience to his superior, the Master of the Temple, was fettered and cast into prison, and there expired from the rigour and severity of his confinement. His dead body was taken out of the solitary cell in the Temple at morning's dawn, and was buried by Brother John de Stoke and Brother Radulph de Barton, in the middle of the court, between the church and the hall.

As Mr. Addison is good enough to tell us whence he has derived his information<sup>2</sup> we are able to satisfy ourselves that the facts here narrated are substantially accurate. Certainly the depositions of the Templars at their trial make it clear that Walter le Bacheler had been severely handled in prison (*et bene audivit quod aliquæ duritiæ fuerunt ipsi factæ* are the words of one witness<sup>3</sup>) and that he had been buried with somewhat suspicious secrecy. We may add from the same source<sup>4</sup> that his imprisonment had lasted eight weeks, and that he had received the Sacrament of Penance and probably Holy Communion before death. But will the reader be surprised to hear

<sup>1</sup> Addison, *The Temple Church*, p. 75.

<sup>2</sup> Wilkins' *Concilia*, vol. ii. Examination of the Templars, pp. 337, 346, 377, 384.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 337.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 346.

that there is not a syllable to connect Walter le Bachelier with the cell in the tower? That he was not *walled up* there is in any case obvious, the fastenings of the door still remain and the body was carried out to be buried. But the idea that this cell inside the church was ever used for the restraint of unwilling prisoners *in extremis* is a mere conjecture which has against it all the probabilities. Was it intended that the groans of the miserable victim should mingle, through two open apertures, with the praises of God chanted below? Was it likely that he would be confined where his cries would reach the ears of every casual visitor that entered the church? Were they so considerate of his spiritual welfare as to provide that he should have the altar and the ceremonies of Holy Mass constantly under his eyes? What may have been the true destination of this cell, with its commanding view both of the round and the rectangular area which make up the Temple Church, I cannot pretend to say for certain. It remains yet to be proved that it was meant for anything less innocent than a closet to keep brooms in. Possibly it might have been used by a voluntary recluse who was willing, in expiation of some crime, to undergo this unusually severe penance. The outlook upon the high altar is a feature which it has in common with the ordinary anchoret's cell, but of course its dimensions are much smaller than those of the *reclusoria* of which we have examples.<sup>1</sup> On the whole the probabilities are greatly in favour of the opinion of Father Morris, F.S.A., who was kind enough to accompany me in a visit to the Temple Church. He pronounces confidently that it is nothing but a watching-loft (*excubitorium*) from which one of the brethren unobserved could command the high altar, the round, and indeed the whole building. In the cases of churches with shrines such constructions, though often of much larger dimensions, are very common,<sup>2</sup> and there seems to be some ground for thinking that they were not confined to noted places of pilgrimage, but may have existed also in other churches where there was no shrine.<sup>3</sup> In any case Mr. Addison

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps we may except the cell of Edington Abbey Church, Wilts.

<sup>2</sup> They may be observed at St. Alban's, Westminster, Lichfield, Oxford, Worcester, and Canterbury. The same arrangement probably existed at Exeter and Lincoln.

<sup>3</sup> Another possible explanation is suggested by a passage in Viollet le Duc, *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture*, vol. viii, p. 4. "There may still be seen," he says, "in the church of Mas d'Azil (Ariège) a little cell formed in the thickness of the wall in which it was customary to confine a lunatic. This tiny cell only received light and air from the interior of the church. Everything was there certainly that could be

has not a fragment of evidence or analogy to produce for his view, and yet he goes so far as to include in his book a sensational full-page engraving representing two Templars bringing down from this chamber the dead and half-naked body of their supposed victim.

At the same time it should be clearly understood that what chiefly calls for protest in this statement of Mr. Addison's, is not the charge of cruelty against the Templars, but the unscrupulous way in which a highly improbable conjecture is assumed as certain fact. That a prisoner should be so severely treated during his confinement that he survived but eight weeks is an incident for which probably every country in Europe during the seventeenth century could have furnished scores of parallels. A grave suspicion, we may readily admit, rests upon the Order of the Templars, that the terrible accusations which led to their suppression were not in all cases without foundation. If so, there could be no ground for surprise if a body of rough soldiers who had lost their religious spirit should occasionally have set the law of the Church at defiance in the cruelty exercised upon offenders against their statutes. But even in the case of the Templars there is no reason for taking such charges for granted without reasonable proof, and neither here, nor in the human remains discovered at Temple Brewer, can we say that anything like a clear case has been made out against them.

The passing allusion that has lately been made to anchorets and recluses, suggests the interesting question how far a confused oral tradition about these voluntary prisoners may not be responsible for the popular belief in the existence of walled-up nuns. People had certainly not forgotten this institution of pre-Reformation days in the time of Shakspeare. It is thus that the player-queen in *Hamlet* alludes to the practice :

To desperation turn my trust and hope,  
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope.

The life, no doubt, of these recluses was a severe one, and what Mr. Cutts calls "the popular idea that they inhabited a living grave,"<sup>1</sup> was occasionally, though rarely, to some extent justified.<sup>2</sup> Bilney, the Reformer, in his *Reliques of Rome* (1563), has a long indictment of the "monastical sect of recluses and such as be

needed to turn a sane person into a madman, but whether it was with any hope of curing these unfortunate beings that they were thus mewed up (*chartrés*) is more than I can tell."

<sup>1</sup> *Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages*, p. 121.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 146.

shutte up within walls, there unto death continuall to remayne," and we may remark that an interesting verbal parallel to Dr. Rule's bugbear may be found in the phrase used of an anchoret in a note to Peter Langtoft's Chronicle: "Richardus Fraunceys inter quatuor parietes pro Christo inclusus."<sup>1</sup>

In a paper like the present it is almost inevitable that more hares should be started than it is possible to run down satisfactorily. Still there is one allusion which occurs in an extract given in an earlier page which I should be sorry to leave without some further comment, however brief. In the Rev. W. L. Holland's magic-lantern lecture on *Convents Romish and Anglican*, he tells his hearers, it may be remembered, that Dr. Grattan Guinness has "lately seen most perfect skeletons of walled-up nuns . . . in the old disused monasteries of Mexico." It would be interesting to have Dr. Grattan Guinness' own description before us, and with that object I have examined the list of the somewhat voluminous *opera omnia* of that reverend controversialist in the British Museum Catalogue, also the titles of the scarcely less voluminous works of Mrs. Grattan Guinness. However, none of these seem to promise anything about Mexico, and so I am forced to make at a venture a suggestion which may possibly account for this remarkable feature in Dr. Grattan Guinness' experiences.

It is a piece of information which seems to be tolerably familiar abroad, though it may possibly be new to some English readers, that the Capuchin Order in more southern climes have a peculiar custom as to the disposal of their dead. When a religious dies, the body is conveyed to a crypt or mortuary chapel under the church, and there, still clothed in the habit, is fixed upright in a sort of niche, where it is carefully bricked up. A twelvemonth or so afterwards, generally before the feast of All Souls, the brick partition in front is removed, and the remains, of which by this time nothing is left but the skeleton, are exposed to view. The bones are draped in a new habit, and are then allowed to stand in the crypt side by side with many similar skeletons, where their religious brethren and the faithful come from time to time to pray for their souls. This somewhat ghastly spectacle<sup>2</sup> has been made the subject

<sup>1</sup> Edit. Hearne, ii. 625.

<sup>2</sup> I understand that both in Malta, where the "baked monks," as they were irreverently termed by the English passengers of the P. and O. steamers, were accounted among the sights of the island, and in the Capuchin convents of Italy, the practice is now forbidden.



of a copy of verses by C. C. G., written, it appears, in 1830.<sup>1</sup>  
I reproduce the last three stanzas :

Amidst the mould'ring relics of the dead,  
In shapes fantastic which the brethren rear,  
Profaned by strangers' light unhallowed tread,  
The monklike skeletons erect appear.

The cowl is drawn each ghastly skull around,  
Each fleshless form arrayed in sable vest ;  
About their hollow loins the cord is bound,  
Like living Fathers of the Order drest.

And as the monk around this scene of gloom  
The flickering lustre of his taper throws,  
He says, "Such, stranger, is my destined tomb ;  
Here, and with them, shall be my last repose."

Now it is not, I think, too much to assume that if Dr. Grattan Guinness had come upon a cemetery of this description, left very probably *in statu quo* in some suppressed Capuchin convent in Mexico, the sight would certainly have presented in his eyes all the features of a horrible tragedy.

Finally, in bringing this paper to a conclusion, it will be well to insist that even if archæological research should at some future time bring to light an undoubted instance of a monk or nun, or any other delinquent, having been built up alive into a wall, no isolated occurrence of this sort could bring discredit upon the discipline of the Church in regard to her Religious Orders. To any student who may have taken the least trouble to inform himself either about the provisions of the Canon Law, or the abundant records of mediæval monastic life, it will be clear that any Superior who carried out or sanctioned such a sentence as that of immuring a nun in the sense of Sir Walter Scott, would have been held guilty on all hands of a dark and terrible crime. Considering the violence and the unscrupulous exaggeration of much of the literature of that barbarous age, it is rather a surprise that the charge of walling-up a prisoner alive should not be made freely against unpopular abbots or barons. Perhaps such charges are to be found, but I can only say that I have not yet heard of a case, nor met any controversialist who pretends to quote one.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> Printed in *The Catholic Keepsake*, p. 80. Burns and Oates.

## *Thomas Cranmer.*

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### II.

THE crowd which had gathered round the stately abbey church of Westminster on the 30th of March, 1533, slowly dispersed at the conclusion of the ceremony which there and then had given to England a new Archbishop and a new religion; and the individuals of whom that crowd was composed, as they went homewards, expressed to each other their hopes or their fears with an earnestness warranted by the gravity of the occasion. How much soever they may have differed upon other points, it is probable that they agreed in thinking that the rite which they had just witnessed was pregnant with events of the deepest significance. How was it to be interpreted? Was it for good or for evil? What was coming next? Here opinions differed, but two predominated, under which, roughly speaking, the bulk of the nation might be classed; and upon each of these a few words of introduction have become necessary.

We have no difficulty in recognizing the party of the Reformation. It is the more noisy and demonstrative section of the assembly, though numerically by far the smaller, the party which sides with Henry, Anne Boleyn, and Cranmer. It makes itself conspicuous by the confidence of its bearing, and its loud expressions of joy at the triumph which it has that day achieved over the long and unbroken tradition of the Catholic Church in England. It has its sneer at the overthrow of the Papal Antichrist, and the severance of England from the mystical Babylon of Rome, expressions which it has caught from the "new learning" of Tyndal and Barnes, Bilney and Latimer. It goes a step further, and ventures to predict what it hopes will come to pass in no very remote future, as read by the light which had at last begun to dawn upon the country. Its more advanced members had learned, with the facile aptitude of rebellion, that Cranmer's principles and Henry's reckless extravagance would lead to the overthrow of the old monastic system

in England; and they ventured to hope that in the scramble over the accumulated wealth and landed property which would then of necessity ensue, a few crumbs of comfort might possibly fall into their own garner. Descending to a yet lower stratum of society in this class, utterance was given to the feeling that a more elastic code of morality than that which had hitherto been enforced by the clergy was desirable and even possible. The example of Luther and Catherine Boren was encouraging. Henry was no very strict moralist. The character which Anne Boleyn had earned for herself in the Court of France was discussed, and the experiences of the twice-wedded Archbishop of Canterbury afforded much amusement even to his most devoted partisans. Human passions and temporal motives influence many, and doubtless they had their ordinary weight with those who ranged themselves with the adherents of progress.

But on the other hand, the wishes and feelings of the larger number of the English people were in direct and decided opposition to such dangerous speculations, and their convictions were firm in the necessity of supporting the existing order of things in Church and State. This party included nearly the whole of the clergy, secular and regular, the bulk of the nobility, by far the larger portion of the landed gentry, and with rare exceptions the entire body of the agricultural population. Thus superior in wealth, influence, and intelligence, the Conservative party ought easily to have held its own against their antagonists the innovators, and probably it would have done so but for the combination of those two elements of evil, the influence of Henry in the Parliament and Cranmer in the Church. Each of these two was comparatively powerless without the assent and assistance of the other, but when united they were irresistible.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had now become, and was henceforth to continue to be, a mere tool in the hands of the Sovereign, and his sole function was to carry into execution the measures prescribed to him by that supreme authority. Henry understood the value of unity of action, and he was about to prove it. He was bent upon marrying Anne Boleyn, and as the Pope had refused to enable him to do so by the divorce of Queen Catherine, he renounced the Papal authority, and took the matter into his own hands by creating a private pope of his own. The idea is at once astounding by its presumption and ridiculous by its absurdity, but imperious Henry willed it and

subservient England accepted it. To attain this end, the consecration of Cranmer as Primate of Canterbury became necessary, and it now remains for us to trace the steps by which our ancestors were separated as a kingdom from the See of Rome, and found themselves identified with that chaos of false doctrine, heresy, and schism, of which they continue to be such a pitiable illustration.

Cranmer, as we have seen, became Archbishop of Canterbury on March 30, 1533, and within less than a fortnight he struck the first blow at Queen Catherine. On 11th April he addressed a letter to Henry in which (for the discharge of his own conscience) he asks permission of His Majesty "to proceed to the examination, final determination, and judgment in the King's said great cause of the divorce;" yet in the same sentence, astonished at his own temerity, "as one prostrate at the feet of His Majesty he beseeches the same most humbly upon his knees to pardon these his bold and rude letters." The conscience-stricken King, as the Archbishop assumed him to be, lost no time in granting what doubtless he had already commanded; for his reply to the above letter is dated upon the same 11th of April. Of course he gave his assent. The preliminary arrangements having been made beforehand for the hearing of this suit, the necessary legal proceedings were opened at Dunstable, a few miles distant from Ampthill, where the Queen at this time resided. Catherine, every inch a Queen to the last, refused to recognize Cranmer's citation, or in any way to admit the jurisdiction of his court; whereupon she was pronounced contumacious, and sentence was given against her in her absence. True to himself, Cranmer conducted the business with his usual treachery and timidity. Fearing that even at the final stage of the process the Queen might appear in person, or by her proctor, and by entering her protest against his sentence might thereby render it invalid in the eye of the law, or otherwise hinder its immediate operation, this righteous judge kept secret from all but Henry and Cromwell the day on which he was about to pronounce the final judgment; and he entreated them to preserve the strictest silence upon this important circumstance. Of course they did so, and the ultimate sentence, which declared that the marriage of Henry with Queen Catherine was invalid, and had been invalid from the beginning, was pronounced on 23rd May, the same "being contrary to the law of God and of nature." The result was of course no surprise to Henry, to

whom it was announced by Cranmer, who adds in his usual style of servility, "I desire to know your pleasure concerning the second matrimony as soon as you and your Council are perfectly resolved therein."

This "second matrimony" was apparently that which was to give to Anne Boleyn the legal right to style herself his wife and the Queen of England. It does not help us to solve the difficulty connected with the date of this marriage, if we may venture to dignify it with such a respectable designation. And this question has a further interest, since along with it is involved the additional problem of the legitimacy of their offspring, the Princess Elizabeth, the future Queen of England. What is the date of the marriage of her parents? The question is not easily answered. Many of our earlier historians place it on November 14, 1532, the festival of the translation of St. Erconwald, on which day Henry and Anne returned to England from their visit to France. Admitting that date to be correct, the legitimacy of Elizabeth is indisputable. But it is open to doubt, for the larger number of authorities, Cranmer included, contradict it. "She was married," says the Archbishop, "much about St. Paul's day last" [January 25, 1533], and surely Cranmer must have known. This date, if accepted, proves that the future Queen of England was the offspring of a disgraceful connection and not of a legal marriage; even upon the assumption that the divorce of Henry and Catherine by the Archbishop was valid. But leaving that difficulty as we find it, we have now to notice in due course the coronation of Anne, who in anticipation of that grand event had been created Marchioness of Pembroke. It occurred on May 31, 1533.

The pageant began by the solemn procession of the future Queen of England from the Tower to Westminster, through the City, a route which was adopted in order that the inhabitants might have the privilege of expressing their joy at her accession to the throne. They failed for the most part to avail themselves of the opportunity of doing so, on the contrary "all the people showed themselves as sorry as though it had been a funeral." The coronation service took place next day in Westminster Abbey, the officiating prelates being (of course) Cranmer, assisted by Stokesley and Gardiner. The public entertainments which followed were even more costly and elaborate than usual, "and as for pastime in the Queen's chamber was never more." Anne took care not to conceal the important fact that she was

about to present the nation with an heir to the throne, an event to which both of the parents looked forward with a nervous anxiety. Henry was in exuberant spirits, for not only could he now present Anne to his subjects without raising a blush on the cheeks of the more respectable of the womankind, but further he believed that his long and passionate yearning for a son was at last about to be gratified. The physicians and astrologers, the sorcerers and sorceresses, whom he is said to have consulted upon the subject, assuring him that he was about to become the happy father of a boy, and then his doubts and fears as to the continuity of the Tudors upon the throne of England would vanish. But the guilty couple were doomed to sustain a bitter disappointment; for upon Sunday, September 7, 1533, Anne gave birth to a child—and that child was a daughter.

Henry seems to have regarded this untoward event almost as if it were a personal slight to himself, and he did not strive to conceal his feelings. Anne too had her anxieties. By this time she had learned by experience the temper of her paramour, and she was now beginning to realize the insecurity of her own position.

But whatever may have been the feelings of the disappointed parents, it was necessary that the unwelcome girl should be made a Christian, so on September 10, 1533, she was baptized in the Church of the Friars Minors at Greenwich by Stokesley, Bishop of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury being the godfather. The ceremonial was left to Anne, so it was costly and elaborate, and Henry did not interfere, in fact he was ostentatiously indifferent. The old Duchess of Norfolk bore the child in a mantle of purple velvet, with a long train held by the Earl of Wiltshire, Anne's father, together with the Countess of Kent and the Earl of Derby. But throughout all these rejoicings the conduct and manner of Henry seemed as if he wished it to be understood that he was offended and annoyed with Anne's mismanagement. His absences from her were becoming longer and more frequent, and she soon discovered that he now found his consolation and amusement elsewhere in other society. With her wide experience of men she ought to have expected that such would be the case; possibly she was prepared for it, and paid him back in his own coin. As her temper was none of the best, and as she was soured by disappointment, unpleasant results follow between the royal couple, to the amusement and satisfaction of many of the courtiers.



Yet the severance was not yet complete. They continued to reside together for some time longer, until in the due course of events it was obvious that Anne was once more about to become a mother. The hopes of Henry revived, but only to be again disappointed; for the unfortunate woman gave birth to a dead child on January 29, 1536, which by a singular coincidence was the day on which Queen Catherine of Arragon was laid in her grave in the Abbey Church of Peterborough.

It needed no soothsayer to whisper to the Queen that her day was over. Henry's passion for her had died out and was succeeded by an indifference which soon deepened into aversion. He had discovered without much difficulty a younger and fairer charmer who had listened with no unwilling ear to the lovesick pleadings of her portly suitor. Henry was evidently in search of a new wife, and Jane Seymour knew it, as well as Anne Boleyn. But here an obvious difficulty stood in the way, or rather an old difficulty with a new face. It was clear to all, for Henry did not care to conceal it, that he was tired of Anne and would not be sorry to be rid of her. As Catherine had been cast off to make way for Anne, so must Anne be cast off to make way for Jane. But how was it to be done? By what process? Upon what plea? The problem was not easily answered and demanded prudent forethought. But Henry was fertile in devices, he was provided with a subservient body of expert and experienced agents, and he was prompt and unscrupulous in the execution of the decision of the sentence at which he finally arrived. But as he was trained in concealing his anger, so in the present instance it remained so well disguised for some considerable period that Anne seems to have been unconscious of the real danger of her position until she was entirely in his power, and then it burst upon her with the suddenness of an avalanche.

According to the general custom "a solemn joustes" was held upon May day, 1536, at Greenwich, which was honoured by the presence of the royal couple. Whatever may have been Henry's private feelings he held them in control, as far at least as was known to the public; but a private individual has a different tale to tell, and he was an eye-witness of what he relates. Standing in the crowd which had gathered round the royal palace at Greenwich he saw at an open window the last interview which probably took place between Henry and Anne. He could not hear the words which passed between them, but

he could see that Anne had the infant Elizabeth in her arms and that the King was angry. Shortly afterwards he rode off to London, leaving Anne behind him. The Council continued to sit, and when they rose our informant returned to London along with them. As they drew near the Tower the cannon of that fortress and state prison thundered out the well-known intimation that some important prisoners had been committed to its custody. These were Sir Henry Noreys, whom Henry had invited to return to town in his company, and had endeavoured, as they rode side by side, to entrap into the confession that he had committed adultery with the Queen; and one Mark Smeton. The former of these two firmly maintained that he was innocent of the charge; of the admissions, if any, which were made by Smeton, we know next to nothing.

In the meantime, Anne, in comparative ignorance of the web which was being woven around her, remained in comparative peace at Greenwich. In the course of the evening, however, she was made aware of the arrest of Smeton and Noreys. She did not know that so far back as the 24th of the previous month of April, Henry had appointed a commission invested with powers which enabled them to deal with such cases as that which now brought Anne under their immediate jurisdiction. When he framed it, he seems to have had some special foresight as to the purposes to which it might be applied. It enabled a quorum of four to inquire into every possible form of treason, for the trial of which a special session might be held. And due regard being had to the administration of criminal justice in the time of Henry VIII., especially in cases where the Crown was prosecutor, it is not difficult to foretell the probable fate of the accused. Of all this however the Queen was ignorant.

On the morning of the following day, Anne stood before the Council, of whose existence and powers she for the first time became acquainted. She was told of the charges which had been brought against her, and was then arrested. At two o'clock, the tide then serving, she was brought by water to London, and consigned to the Tower by the Traitor's Gate, each bank of the river being densely crowded with spectators. She thus passed into the custody of Sir William Kingston, the constable, who, although devoted to the cause of Catherine, seems to have acted towards the prisoner with justice and kindness. Then, and

not till then, her firmness and courage appear to have failed her. When she recovered her calmness, the thought of her religious duties reverted to her mind, and "she much desired to have here in the closet the Sacrament and also her almoner [chaplain] who she supposed to be devet." (?)

The mention of Anne's anxiety to have the presence of her chaplain recalls the memory of Cranmer, and we learn from a letter from him to Cromwell that at this critical period of the Queen's history he was absent from London, and consequently could not be of any assistance to her. In obedience to that letter of Cromwell he returned with all speed to Lambeth, but did not dare to presume to come into the presence of His Majesty, as he himself tells us, "contrary to your Grace's commandment." It appears then that Henry needed the services of the Archbishop, but had no wish for his company. On the morning after his arrival in town the Archbishop addressed a letter to the King, which fortunately has been preserved, and which is worth our notice. He is in such a perplexity, he says, that his mind is clean amazed, for he never had better opinion in women that he had in the Queen, which makes him think that she should not be culpable; but on the other hand he thinks that His Highness would not have gone so far except she had surely been culpable. So far he had preserved the balance with some skill, but now he may venture to speak with more decision, and he does so in his own peculiar fashion. He sees that with his Grace's favour he may wish and pray for her that she may declare herself inculpable and innocent. And if she be found culpable, he desires the offence without mercy to be punished to the example of all others. And here I repeat his words as he wrote and signed them: "As I loved her not a little for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and His Gospel, so if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and His Gospel that will favour her, but must hate her above all other, and the more they favour the Gospel the more they will hate her, for then there was never creature in our time that so much slandered the Gospel; and God hath sent her this punishment, for that she feignedly hath professed His Gospel in her mouth, and not in heart and deed." After a few commonplace exhortations upon the duty of resignation to the holy will of God, Cranmer concluded his letter. But before he had despatched it, he received a mandate from the Council sitting

in the Star Chamber at Westminster, which required him to appear before them. He went, and there they declared unto him such things as it was Henry's pleasure that they should make him privy unto. His letter gives no further information as to what these matters were, or what passed between them, but we may infer that it was something which was to Anne's disadvantage, since he was "exceeding sorry that such faults can be proved against the Queen as he heard of their relation." And there the letter concludes, and Cranmer made no further effort to save the woman for whom he professed so much affection, and to whom (next unto the King) he was most bound of all creatures living. But perhaps it may be said that he left her to her fate because he thought her guilty. Was this his deliberate conviction? Upon this point we shall have a few words to say hereafter.

From this moment Anne seems to have been abandoned by her former friends and passed into the hands of her enemies. After considerable deliberation it was finally decided that out of those prisoners who had been originally charged along with her, five should be brought to trial. Of these the only direct evidence was that of Mark Smeton, who had already confessed his guilt; the other four, Weston, Brereton, Lord Rochford, and Noreys, were found guilty upon presumption without either proof or confession. The whole proceedings were conducted with a marked disregard to justice. From a legal point of view, the evidence upon which Anne was condemned was most untrustworthy, and from a moral point of view it was most improbable. This much may be suggested and even admitted without at the same time contending that Anne had been either a faithful wife or a virtuous woman.

Her trial took place on Monday, May 15th, within the great hall of the Tower. The Duke of Norfolk, who presided, represented the King's person, and as such sat under a cloth of estate, holding a long, white staff in his hand. In addition to the lawyers, by whom the prosecution was conducted, the Lord Chancellor of England was in attendance. The Queen was brought in, and after she had been seated the indictment against her was read. She was unprovided with counsel and could not call any witnesses in her favour. Under such circumstances she could offer but a weak defence against the legal authorities arrayed against her. She defended herself with calmness and a certain amount of skill, "making so wise

and discreet answers to all things said against her, excusing herself with her words so clearly as though she had never been faulty." From another source we learn that she stood undismayed; nor did she ever exhibit any token of impatience, or grief, or cowardice. Of course she was found guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced upon her, either burning or beheading, at the King's pleasure. She retained her firmness, and after having declared that she did not fear death, she spoke a few words in vindication of the innocence of the persons who had been accused of having sinned along with her. She further asked to be allowed time "to settle her conscience" [by confession], and was then reconducted to her own chamber.

It may here be asked, Why was not Henry satisfied with a divorce? Why was Anne put to death? Why shed the blood of the woman who was the mother of his child, and for whom (at one time at least) he had expressed such ardent affection? But Henry is not to be judged according to the usual laws of human nature, for to these he was no longer amenable. He was a law to himself; and his will was his own infallible judge, from whom there was no appeal. Moreover, he knew enough of Anne's spirit and temper to feel sure that if she were permitted to live she would be to him and to others a constant source of annoyance and possibly of danger. She would not follow the example of Catherine of Arragon and bear her cross as patiently as that noble woman had done. So all things considered death was the simplest and safest remedy, and Anne could not have been surprised when she heard her sentence pronounced.

But something further remained to be done before Henry could be satisfied that he had sufficiently degraded his wife and sufficiently secured his own interests. To do these the services of Cranmer were once more called into requisition. On the day after her sentence of death had been pronounced he had an interview with her in the Tower, with the details of which we are unacquainted, and can only speculate as to the object. It seems probable, however, that he went by command of his master, and that his visit was preparatory to an event which occurred early in the morning of the following day. On that day he held a court in his chapel at Lambeth, the object of which was to decide upon the validity of Anne's marriage with the King. His Majesty's legal representative was Richard Sampson, Dean of the Chapel Royal, while Nicholas Wotton

and John Barbour appeared for the Queen. As far as we can gather from the report of what occurred, Anne's counsel pleaded nothing in her favour, nor do we learn from it what were the grounds upon which the dissolution of the marriage was pronounced. The report of the proceedings as they stand in the copy which has reached us, is open to grave suspicion, and no official duplicate of it appears to be extant. It is said to have been sealed upon the 10th of June, and subscribed by both Houses of Convocation upon the 28th of the same month. It has been conjectured by one of the latest and most acute of Anne's biographers, that "the cause of nullity, which Henry was afraid to avow, was his former connection with Mary Boleyn."

A few notices of the way in which Anne spent the last hours of her life have been preserved, and they are worth here preserving. She is said to have prayed with her chaplain, but the keeper of the prison does not give his name. Bearing in mind Cranmer's long intercourse with the family, coupled with the manner he had so recently expressed himself about her to Henry, it might have been concluded that he would have been with her in her extremity, and helped her to make her peace with God. But Cranmer, true to himself, deserted her, and left his place to be supplied by another. Kingston, her keeper, wondered that he had heard nothing of my Lord of Canterbury, and "the Queen," he adds, "desires much to be shriven." According to the report of the Imperial Ambassador, she confessed and communicated on the same day. He adds in the same letter, upon the authority of Lady Kingston, that before and after receiving the Sacrament, Anne had affirmed to her, upon the damnation of her soul, that she had never been unfaithful to the King. And Kingston adds that, upon the morning of Anne's execution, her almoner was continually with her, and had been so since two of the clock after midnight. As far as the Government officials are concerned, the name of this almoner or chaplain has been suppressed; yet before we conclude our story we shall be able to supply the omission. In the meantime we are sorry but not surprised to say that the missing name is not that of Cranmer.

Returning to Anne, we learn that one idea recurred to her mind frequently, and that more than once she gave utterance to it. She regretted the manner in which she had behaved to the Princess Mary, and expressed her belief that her own sufferings were meant as its punishment.



About nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, May 19, she was informed that the time of her execution had arrived ; and, conducted by Kingston and followed by her four attendants, she mounted the scaffold, and then, calm and collected, she addressed a few parting words to the assembled multitude. They throw no light upon her past history, her guilt or her innocence. She spoke kindly of Henry ; she would accuse no one of her death, for she had been condemned by the law of the country, and that sufficed. She willingly accepted her death, and asked pardon of all whom she had injured. Then with her own hands she removed her head-gear, undid the coif which bound up her hair, and knelt down on the floor of the scaffold. One of her attendants bandaged her eyes with a handkerchief, and then, along with the other three, knelt beside her. As Anne was repeating the words, " My God, have pity upon my soul," the executioner stepped forward. All was soon over. His sword was sharp and his arm was strong, and Henry was free from the woman for the sake of whom he had severed England from the unity of the Catholic Church.

During the course of the preceding remarks upon the trial and condemnation of Anne Boleyn, we have had occasion to observe more than once that the information respecting these events which has come down to us is not only scanty in extent but suspicious in character. The impression which it leaves upon the mind of most inquirers is this—that apparently the accused had not even-handed justice dealt out to her, and that we know only one side of the question. Such is the dictum of common sense, and it is very generally accepted. The more closely we read the history of this bad woman, the more we are inclined to think that she was badly treated. Her life, repulsive and disgusting as it was at the time when we first become acquainted with her, gains new interest as it advances, and when it draws near its inevitable conclusion, while we continue to hate the sin we begin to feel that we can pity the sinner. In this state of mind we wish we knew something more than the scanty details with which we are acquainted, even after the publication of the priceless despatches of Eustace Chapuys, for the abstracts of which we are indebted to the practised care of Mr. Gairdner of the Record Office. It is with no small satisfaction, therefore, that we have here been able to introduce into our narrative some additional information from the autograph narrative of one who was in London at the

period of Anne's death, and at the same time on terms of familiar intercourse with the Archbishop. The name of this individual was Alexander Ales, respecting whom the reader may naturally expect to receive some further information before we conclude this paper.

Alexander Ales was born at Edinburgh in the year 1500, and was educated in that city and in St. Andrew's, in the University of which latter place he graduated in 1515. A few years afterwards he obtained a canonry in its Cathedral, but in 1530, having adopted the doctrines of Luther, he suffered imprisonment as a heretic; contriving however to regain his liberty, he left his native country, to which he never returned. In the course of the following year we find him at Wittemberg, into the University of which he was incorporated in 1533. Here he became acquainted with Melancthon, and signed the Alliance of Augsburg against the Emperor and the Catholic party. In that same year he engaged in a discussion with Cochläus on the reading of the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, which led to the publication of several volumes on both sides. In 1535 he came into England provided with letters of recommendation from Melancthon to Henry and Cranmer, by the former of whom, as he himself informs us, he was sent to Cambridge, there to read a lecture upon the Hebrew Scriptures. But his doctrine, or the mode of his appointment, or both, being disagreeable to some of the authorities of the University, he thought it prudent to return to London, where he was resident at the time of Anne's trial.

A stipend which had been granted to him by Henry having fallen into arrear, he made application for it to Cromwell, with which object he went to Greenwich, where he witnessed the scene which he has detailed so touchingly in his letter. Cromwell, he says, detained him for three years with empty hopes, but as the legislation against the Reformers grew more strict, his position in London became more than irksome. While in this state of mind, Cranmer sent a message to him through Lord Paget, asking him to call at Lambeth early in the morning. When he went the Archbishop advised him to escape from England, wishing that he himself could do the same; adding that he had signed the obnoxious decree through fear, and now repented him of what he had done. Cranmer said that he had no ready money, and could not supply what Ales would require for his travelling expenses; but in token

of his friendship he asked him to accept a ring which had been given to him by Henry when he presented the archbishopric to him, and which had once belonged to Thomas Wolsey. Ales escaped from England in a German ship, disguised as a German soldier. Shortly afterwards he heard of the execution of Cromwell, from whom, despite his promises, he had not received any of the arrears of his salary. In conclusion, he exhorts Queen Elizabeth to love the true religion ; and concludes his long letter with the significant postscript : "Should you wish to send me anything, this may be done by Bishop William Barlow, or by Dr. Bale." Our curiosity would be gratified if we could see Elizabeth's answer, but no trace of it has come down to us.

But we must not forget to add that Ales recounts a curious story respecting Cranmer and himself which is worth preserving. It is to the following effect. The narrator, Ales, remained in his lodging in London, during the period from Anne's arrest until that of her execution [May 2—19]. On that later day at two o'clock in the morning, he had a vision (whether he was asleep or awake he knew not) of Anne's neck, after her head had been cut off, and this (he says) he saw so plainly that he could count the nerves, the veins, and the arteries. Terrified by the dream, or vision, he arose, and hurrying off to consult his friend the Archbishop, he arrived at Lambeth Palace before four o'clock. Early as it was he found Cranmer walking in his garden, whom he made acquainted with what had occurred to him. Cranmer continued in silent wonder for a time, and at last broke out into these words : "Do not you know what is to happen to-day?" And when I answered that I had remained at home since the date of the Queen's imprisonment and knew nothing of what was going on, the Archbishop raised his eyes to heaven and said, "She who has been the Queen of England upon earth, will to-day become a Queen in Heaven." So great was his grief that he could say nothing more, and then he burst into tears.

Leaving Cranmer sobbing in his garden at four o'clock in the morning of the day on which Queen Anne was to die, let us think for a moment of what was passing at that time in the Tower. She had made her confession and received Communion, and was preparing to meet her Judge. It is Ales who tells us who was with her during these early morning watches, and we have seen that it was not Cranmer ; from

the same informant we now learn that for these offices of Christian charity she was indebted to Latimer, whom we know to have been one of the most vehement of the Reformers, but apparently one of the most sincere and assuredly one of the most courageous. Anne had "been in the habit of confessing to him when she went to the Lord's Table," and she had sent for him when she knew that she should die shortly afterwards.

Here then we end our notice of Cranmer. To attempt to anticipate our readers as to the conclusion at which they ought to arrive respecting his character is unnecessary, and would be unbecoming. Cranmer has written his autobiography, and he is the best historian of himself. In him the Church of England has an undignified prototype, of whom, however, we have no wish to deprive her. As far as we are concerned his successors may enjoy his name in undisturbed quiet; for assuredly we should not condescend to accept at any price the tradition which they inherit from "the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury."

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The facts for which the authority of Ales is here quoted are derived from a very interesting letter of twenty pages, addressed by him to Queen Elizabeth upon her accession to the throne, the original of which, in his own handwriting, is preserved in the Record Office, Chancery Lane. It is fully described in the Calendar of the Foreign Correspondence of Queen Elizabeth under the date of September, 1559, No. 1,303. It seems to have escaped notice until now, but, should it be necessary, additional details can be furnished.

### *A Cure by Cancelli.*

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ON the 28th August, 1850, I was with my wife Louisa received into the Catholic Church, and soon after in the same year we went to Rome to pass the winter. Among other devotions we heard Mass and received Holy Communion in the underground chamber of the Mamertine Prison, where, as tradition hands down, the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul were confined, and baptized their gaolers in the water which miraculously sprung up at their prayers. On issuing from the damp atmosphere of the prison where we had spent upwards of an hour, both my wife and I felt ourselves attacked by rheumatism. My attack did not last above a day, but hers, alas, proved permanent, and developed into sciatica of the worst kind, which after a time rendered her more or less incapable of movement. Doctors, especially Dr. Pantaleone, the leading physician of Rome, were consulted in vain, and all remedies failed to procure her any relief. It was finally decided that we should go to the sulphur baths of Ischia in the kingdom of Naples, and try a regular course of the waters. We spent there eight months, but with little or no beneficial result, and in the following autumn returned to Rome. Soon after our arrival we applied for an audience of the Holy Father, Pius IX. My wife was still so incapable of moving that she was carried on a litter into the room where he received us. He took great interest in her case, and inquired what measures she had adopted for a cure. After hearing of the many remedies we had vainly tried, he said: "You have hitherto tried natural means, but if you would like to attempt a supernatural one, I can suggest one to you. In the neighbourhood of Foligno there is a family of peasants, who are credited with a miraculous power of curing rheumatic disorders, which it is popularly stated, their forefathers received from the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul when they were preaching the faith in those parts, and which has been handed down to the present day. The Holy See has never officially verified the

truth of the legend, but from all I have heard, I believe it myself, and if you want to hear more about it, go to Mgr. Barnabò, Secretary of the Propaganda, who is from that neighbourhood, and can give you more particulars."

On leaving the Holy Father's presence I went to the Propaganda, and obtained all the information on the subject that Mgr. Barnabò could give me. "But," he added, when he had told me all he knew, "I have a brother residing near Foligno, and I will write to him at once to send me one of the family here, and you may expect him in about ten days."

My wife getting worse and worse, and being unable to move from her sofa without aid, I took the precaution to obtain all the prayers I could from different convents in preparation for the trial, and Mgr. Barnabò's secretary arrived about the time mentioned and presented to me a tall white-headed old man about sixty, dressed as a husbandman in a sort of white smock, who, he said, was one of the family. I at once sent a messenger off to Dr. Pantaleone, and to a Mrs. Furse, an English convert lady who had expressed a wish to be present at the ceremony. Meantime I questioned the old man, and the following is the outline of the story he told me :

In the reign of Nero, during the great persecution which then prevailed, the holy Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, who were then preaching the faith in the mountains round Foligno, took refuge one stormy night in a small hut, in that region tenanted by an old couple of the name of Cancelli. . . . They were excessively poor, and the woman, to add to her misfortunes, was blind. The Apostles, who were half-perished with cold and hunger, appealed for shelter, and the poor woman who was the only occupant at the time, replied : "Good Father pilgrims, I cannot help you, for I cannot tell day from night. My husband is gone out to look for food, for we have none in the house, and we have burnt our last barrel of wine for fire-wood." They replied by giving the woman her sight, and telling her to look in the cupboard. What was her surprise, finding there food miraculously provided ! At that moment her husband returned empty-handed, and on seeing what had occurred during his absence, came to the conclusion that his visitors were no ordinary men. He bade them welcome, and together with his wife entertained them to the best of their power, and on the morrow the Apostles took their leave with many thanks.



Tradition states that when they had gone about a gun-shot from the hut, at a spot now marked by a chapel, they conferred together, saying: "These good people have done so much for us and we have left them no permanent blessing in return for their charity. Let us go back and do something for them." They accordingly retraced their steps, and with a sign of the Cross and a blessing, cured the husband of a rheumatic disorder under which he was labouring, and further added these words: "In consideration of the great charity you have shown to the servants of Jesus Christ, we, His Apostles, in His Name, confer upon you and upon all male descendants of your family lineally descended and residing in this place, the power of curing, by invocation and the sign of the Cross, all rheumatic disorders to the end of time. You shall never ask a reward for so doing, but you may accept whatever is offered you. You shall never be rich, but you shall never want for the necessities of life."

The Apostles then went their way, and from that time to this, the promise has been fulfilled.

As soon as the doctor arrived he said, "I should like to satisfy myself as to the exact state of Lady Feilding, before anything is done." She was sitting in an easy chair, and he asked her to get up, if she could.

She could not move without the help of both his hands, and then, with no little pain, stood up, and attempted to walk. She could, however, only move one or two steps, and that by his help, and by catching hold of the furniture. He said, "I do not wish to put you to pain. I see you cannot walk. Let me help you down again."

Having done so, he intimated to Cancelli to proceed.

Cancelli then asked for a couple of lighted candles and a crucifix.

When these were put on the table, he begged us to kneel down with him, and recite the *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Credo*, which we did, all but my wife, who was unable to leave her chair.

After these prayers, Cancelli went up to her, and assisted her to stand in an erect position, and proceeded to say the following words:

"*Per l'intercessione dei Santi Apostoli, San Pietro e San Paolo, siate guarita da tutti i mali, come speriamo,*" and then signed her with the sign of the Cross, passing his hands lightly over her limbs. Then turning to her, said, "*E finito.*"

I then said, "Now then, walk away," upon which she, with great hesitation, commenced to move slowly with the help of the furniture as before. I was watching her with the greatest interest, and remarked that each succeeding step was taken with more freedom than the previous one. She gradually liberated her hands, and finally walked across the room without help.

Astonishment was depicted on her face, as she remarked, "Well, this is wonderful. I feel no pain anywhere, except on the inside of the thigh," a spot which Cancelli had not touched when signing her with the sign of the Cross. On being informed of this, Cancelli said, "Let her kneel down with us, and we will repeat the blessing," which he did.

This time in signing her, after the same form of words, he specially blessed the place indicated, and she then walked freely up and down a tolerably steep staircase, a thing which she had not done for many months.

We decided at once to go to St. Peter's, and return thanks, and walk all about the sacred edifice, which was no slight undertaking.

Cancelli promised to come the following day and inquire after her. He did so, and repeated the blessing, and as I also suffered from rheumatism, he signed me as well.

He remained three or four days longer in Rome, I gave him a present of money, and he then returned home.

He had scarcely left Rome than my wife's pains began to return, increasing day by day, until at the end of about a week, they were as bad, if not worse than ever. She then, with great devotion, said out loud to me, "I see it is God's will that I should suffer; I therefore desire to unite my sufferings with those of our dear Lord upon the Cross, and I accept them heartily."

As soon as she had said these words, the pain left her, and never returned again acutely.

Curiously enough, a day or so later, I received a letter from a friend in England, Mr. Nathaniel Goldsmid, a converted Jew, urging me to pray very specially for Miss Louisa Weld, a very beautiful girl, daughter of Mr. Weld of Leagram, now a nun, who, he said, was dying by inches, being unable to retain any food upon her stomach. I answered him promptly, promising to join my prayers with his, and at the same time urging him to get some of the oil that exudes from the bones of St. Walburga at Eichstadt, with which wonderful cures are wrought.

In a few days, I received an answer, saying that they had succeeded in obtaining the oil, and that Miss Weld had been cured by it, and begging me to return thanks with them. Within a short time I got a second letter, saying the sickness had returned, that she was worse than ever, and they doubted whether she would survive.

Remembering what had happened in the case of my dear wife, I replied immediately: "Tell her to unite her sufferings with those of our Lord upon the Cross, and to offer them all to God. Perhaps He may yet cure her."

By return of post a letter came, saying, "All is done as you desired, and she is entirely cured. Unite your thanksgiving with ours."

Miss Weld never had a return of the illness, and afterwards became a Benedictine Nun at Atherstone.

I may add that another case has come under my knowledge within the last three years of a member of the Cancelli family having cured a person entirely and instantaneously, who had before been bedridden for some time with rheumatism, and who after the blessing got up and went out to Mass.

I forgot to state that Cancelli told me that of the twelve families of the name now existing, five were descended through the female line, and had not therefore the supernatural power, it having only been granted to "the male descendants in the direct line, residents in that place." On the second occasion, when the last-mentioned cure was effected, the young man who performed the ceremony, told me that the people who came to him to be cured, preferred to seek the blessing at the hand of his youngest child, in consideration of its innocence, the power of working the wonder developing in a boy as soon as he comes to the age of reason.

*The Vicar of Christ*  
*in his Relation to Civil Society.*

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III.

CIVIL society is the creation of God. Man is of his nature a social being. He finds himself, at his entrance into the world, a member of a human society. In that society he is a subject, and he has superiors. A man's parents are his superiors in that primary society which is called the family.

The head of the woman is the man, and God has made wives to be subject to their husbands. To both husband and wife are their children subject by the ordinance of God.

Every family is a true society, inasmuch as it contains a principle of authority, which is the centre of its unity. Apart from authority a society cannot exist. Without unity there cannot be one individual society. A society consists of superior and subjects, and it is the authority of the superior which constitutes it, or makes it to be a society.

A society which is a unity in itself may form part of an aggregate of societies, which together form one society. This larger society is, like the individual societies of which it consists, constituted a society by the presence within it of a principle of authority, which is the centre of its unity. There must be one superior of the larger society, to whom the superiors as well as the subjects of the included societies are subject.

Human families are following the social tendency in human nature, when they associate themselves in societies of which they then form parts. The existence of a social ruler is a necessary consequence of every such association, if it is to be a true society.

A society of families is a *civil* society—or society of fellow-citizens—and these are subject to a superior, who is their *civil* ruler.

The family does not lose its individuality in the civil society of which it forms part, nor is the authority of the domestic

superior lost in that of the civil ruler. The father retains his rights within his family, and it is only an abuse of those rights which would bring his exercise of them under the restraint of the civil ruler. The domestic power is antecedent to the civil power, and its roots lie deeper in human nature.

In the domestic society there can be no question as to who the domestic ruler is to be. In a civil society the question with regard to the civil ruler is not so determined by the nature of the case.

In civil society there is no precise form of civil government which is of directly Divine determination. But the *form* of government is distinct from the *power* with which the civil ruler governs. Whatever the form of government may be, that power is from God. There exists by ordinance of God, a power in civil society which is a participation of the Divine power. He who is the one source of all being must necessarily be the one source of all power, and of every power which exists in any being. Apart from participation of the Divine power, there cannot be lawful power in any man over his fellow-men.

It follows that, since civil power is from God, it cannot be exercised as if it were independent of God—civil society cannot reasonably be Godless—and a civil ruler cannot have the right to rule as if there were no God.

The immediate end of the civil ruler is the temporal welfare of his subjects in the civil society which he governs. But the temporal welfare of immortal beings cannot be separated from their eternal welfare, the subjection of creatures to a fellow-creature cannot be separated from their subjection to their Creator, and the power of their ruler to govern them cannot be separated from its source. All temporal welfare must be considered as subordinate to eternal welfare, all laws of man must be laid down in accordance with the law of God, and every human ruler must, in his government, have regard to the rights of God.

If God has instituted among men a religious power to teach and to rule them with Divine authority, in order to their eternal welfare, and to the furtherance of His rights, it is clear that the civil ruler must take this religious power into account. He whose power is itself derived from God, cannot reasonably ignore a power which God has directly instituted, and the direct end of which is of its nature higher than is the direct

end of his own power. He will have no right to make any law which is opposed to the law laid down with Divine authority by that higher legislative power, which is of God's own immediate institution, and he will be bound not in any way to hinder the exercise of its religious authority. He will further be bound to lend his aid and to use the power at his disposal in support and defence of the religious society which God has created for the promotion of men's eternal welfare, and in strengthening the hands of the ruler of that society.

The two powers, the religious and the civil, are distinct, and each of them is in its own order independent. There is, nevertheless, in an exclusively Christian country a bond between the two powers, inasmuch as they are the same men who are the subjects of both powers. The two societies, the religious and the civil, are co-extensive.

The bond between them is not one of co-ordination, for the two powers are related to each other in the same way as the ends of those powers are related to each other. These ends are not co-ordinate, but subordinate the one to the other; the end of the civil power being the promotion of civil order and temporal welfare, while the end of the religious power is to secure God's rights and men's eternal welfare. But while there is and—in the nature of things, and as reason itself demands—must be subordination of the civil power to the religious power, this subordination is not of that kind which is called *direct*. Direct subordination of one power to another consists in this, that the subordinate power should, in matters which fall under its own proper end, be ruled by the superior power, and so be dependent on it in all its acts; and that the superior power should be able to annul, as well as to render valid, all acts of the subordinate power.

When Jesus Christ bestowed religious power on Peter, whom He made to be His Vicar for the teaching and ruling of that religious society which He founded, He did not bestow on him civil power over civil societies, or over civil rulers.

The ecclesiastical power has not therefore of itself care of the temporal welfare of mankind, which is the end of the civil power. In all those matters in which there is question only of temporal welfare, the civil power is independent. It is true that civil order conduces to religious order, but it is not therefore necessary that all the acts of the civil power should



be regulated by the religious power. The order and welfare of the religious society demands indeed that the civil society should be rightly and justly governed ; but it does not demand that the religious ruler should determine the mode of its government, and be the maker of all its laws, and the author of all its institutions.

The *indirect* subordination of the civil power to the religious power consists in this, that when the rights of God and the eternal welfare of human beings—the securing of which is the end of the religious power—demand it, the Vicar of Christ has the right, and it is his duty to direct the civil ruler in his exercise of the power which is entrusted to him for a lesser end, the temporal welfare of his subjects.

In all this there is no degradation of the civil power. Not only is there no imperfection in its dependence on the religious power, but it derives therefrom a perfection which it would not otherwise possess. Both powers are from God, but the things that are of God are rightly ordered, and it stands to reason that the lower power should be subordinate to the higher power, as are the things which are temporal to the things which are eternal, and as are the God-given rights of man to the inalienable rights of his Creator.

Such is the true conception of the relations of Church and State, to use a phrase which is in our day so often misunderstood. When these are observed, the ends of both powers are secured in the welfare, both temporal and eternal, of a Christian people.

2.

When civil societies forget their Christian character, and lose sight of their Christian obligations, and vindicate for themselves independence of the religious power which God has established among them, and are bent on governing themselves as if Jesus Christ had no Vicar on this earth, they give rise to conflict. They place themselves in a position of antagonism to one who cannot abdicate and who cannot renounce the power which God has entrusted to him.

He who has the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven might in these unhappy circumstances exercise his authority to compel the submission of his subjects, under pain of loss of their rights of citizenship in the Kingdom of Christ. But with the compassion of a father he shrinks from proceeding to extremities with

those who are still his children, and he strives to accommodate his government to their frailty, in so far as this may possibly be done, without prejudice to rights which are not his own to dispose of at his will. Hence from time to time we find him entering into agreements with Christian princes, in which he lays down the limits beyond which it is not in his power to grant their desires, but within which he wills to gratify them by the concession of a privilege.

These agreements are not *contracts* between the Vicar of Christ on the one hand, and a Christian prince on the other. They are made not between equals, but between a superior and his subject. Every Christian prince or civil ruler is, as much as is the humblest of his Christian subjects, a member of that religious society which was instituted by Jesus Christ, and he is therefore a subject of the Vicar of Christ, who is the supreme ruler of that society.

The matter moreover of such agreements of its very nature excludes all idea of *contract*. Religious rights, or concerns which are bound up with religious rights, cannot be matter of contract between a divinely constituted and supreme religious ruler, and one of his own subjects.

The plenitude of religious power which belongs to the Vicar of Christ must always be preserved intact and whole as it was instituted by Christ in Peter. This does not demand that the whole of that power should be always and everywhere put forth in actual exercise, but it does demand that its possessor should be always free to exercise it, when it is, in his judgment, necessary or expedient for the common good that he should do so, and this independently of any consent on the part of any one of his subjects.

The Vicar of Christ is therefore free to exercise his judgment in the interests of Christ, and to refrain, under certain circumstances and during the continuance of these, from insisting on certain matters to which he has right—but he is not free to surrender his right of insisting if at any time he should deem it necessary or well to do so. This essential right he would be practically surrendering if he were to bind himself by any agreement which had the character of a contract. In a contract the obligation falls equally on each of the contracting parties, and it cannot be dissolved by either of them without the consent of the other. In a contract, moreover, both parties

must be independent of each other, and free to contract, and the matter of the contract must be such as lies within the power of both one and the other.

In the agreements which the Vicar of Christ is free to make, and which from time to time he makes with Christian princes, there is no concession on the part of the prince. He is only paying that submission which he already owes as a subject to his religious ruler. There is a concession on the part of Christ's Vicar, at the instance of the prince, and the prince binds himself, not by way of contract, for contract there is none, but by way of solemn promise, superadded to his already existing obligation as a subject, to observe the terms of that concession, and to secure the observance of them by his subjects.

The interpretation of such agreements must be in accordance with their essential character. That of its very nature excludes all idea of contract, and so any phrases contained in them which if found in other agreements might imply contract, must not be interpreted in the sense of contract. Reason itself demands that this should be the law of the interpretation of such agreements.

Short of contract, however, and in addition to concession, there is in such phrases the expression of a true obligation on the part of the Vicar of Christ. He binds himself to fidelity in maintaining his concession so long as the privilege which he has granted is for the benefit of those in favour of whom he has given it, and is not detrimental to the general welfare of the Universal Church. This is a question which rests with him however, to determine, since he is supreme ruler of all the faithful, and supreme judge of all questions of religion, both of faith and of morals. He is not only free to withdraw the privilege which he has granted, but he is in conscience bound to withdraw it if in his judgment he ought to do so.

By withdrawal of a privilege he is not imposing any burden in a new law, but simply recalling a portion of the flock to observance of certain details of the Common Law by which the Universal Church is governed. To the whole of that law all are bound, apart from special exemption by the Supreme Pastor.

Such is the true nature of the agreements between the Vicar of Christ and Christian princes, which are commonly known under the name of *Concordats*.

## 3.

If God has established upon the earth a religious power for the securing of man's eternal welfare, it is clear, as we have seen, that civil power, which exists for the promotion only of man's temporal welfare, must be subordinate to religious power. It is clear also that, if the Incarnate Son of God has constituted one Supreme Head of all the members of the religious society which He founded, no civil ruler can possibly have right to hinder that freedom of intercourse between head and members therein, to which in every society both head and members are entitled. The Universal Church, which is the visible Kingdom of Christ, has its members in all kingdoms of the earth. These form one body, of which the Vicar of Christ is the visible Head. As such it is his right and duty to exercise his immediate universal authority over every member of that body in every place of the whole earth. Every member has in turn the right to be ruled and governed by him in all matters which concern his eternal welfare. If this right of the religious subject is interfered with, he is deprived of his religious freedom.

If any civil ruler should declare that no utterance, or act of religious authority made by the Vicar of Christ should be of any force or avail within his dominions, apart from his permission, he would be arrogating to himself a power which God has not given him. He would be depriving his subjects of their religious freedom, and he would be inverting the Divine order of the subordination of the temporal to the eternal, in making all exercise of religious power dependent on the civil power.

Such a claim on the part of a civil ruler would be equivalent to denial of the existence of any divinely established religious authority, and to assertion that the only supreme authority among men is that of the civil power which springs from the principles of nature, and that the only end of all authority is to promote man's temporal welfare.

Impatience of all religious control lies at the root of this claim, the reason on the surface is the pretended right to protect civil society from the aggressions and usurpations of ecclesiastical power. No wonder that the Vicar of Christ has always denounced this pretence as alike without foundation and as subversive of all ecclesiastical authority and order.

The anti-Christian character of the claim is manifest to all thinking men who believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God—that as Man He is King of kings, and Lord of lords, and Prince of all rulers of the earth—that His royalty is not nominal, but real and actual, and that He not only reigns but rules and governs by means of that man whom He has made to be His Vicar on the earth, His Viceroy in His earthly Kingdom, and the Supreme Pastor of a flock which includes all the faithful, rulers as well as ruled, throughout the world.

The insult offered by this impious claim does not terminate in the Viceroy; it extends to his Sovereign Master, whom it implicitly impeaches as the founder of a power for the oppression of mankind, for the robbing of civil rulers of their rights, and for the disturbance, if not for the destruction of civil society.

The claim would be intelligible if made by some pagan ruler who knows not Christ, but it is intellectually as well as morally unworthy of a Christian prince.

Such is the true character of that which is known in history as a royal *Placet* or *Exequatur*.

## 4

The Vicar of Christ has right to complete personal immunity, that is, to exemption from the jurisdiction of every civil ruler. This belongs to him by Divine law, since it is essential to the free exercise of that supreme religious authority which is vested in him by Divine institution. His immunity is not his own creation, and it is not by concession of the civil power, although he has embodied it in ecclesiastical law, and civil rulers have given to it the sanction of civil laws.

If the Vicar of Christ had not been already exempt by Divine law from the jurisdiction of the civil power, he would have been subject thereto, and he could not by a law of his own have exempted himself therefrom. He who is once subject to an authority by law cannot by an act of his own will withdraw himself from the subjection which is due by him. There is nothing however to prevent the Vicar of Christ from making a law by which he authoritatively declares his already existing exemption by Divine law, and by which he lays down the religious penalties which will be incurred by all who should interfere with the right which God has given him. This is the

effect of the ecclesiastical laws which add the sanction of ecclesiastical penalties to the Divine law of his immunity from all civil jurisdiction.

When civil rulers have similarly lent the sanction of their civil laws to this Divine law, it is because although they have no power to abrogate that which they did not create, they could by means of physical force hinder the exercise of a Divine right. By their laws they undertake not only to abstain from all invasion of this Divine right, but to support and defend it by means of the physical force which is at their command. Such civil laws have the true idea of laws, so far as the subjects of these rulers are concerned, whom they can compel by means of those laws, and the penalties which they attach to the transgression of them, to respect the Divine law which they thus embody in their civil code. They do not create the right which they recognize as already existing, and as Divine, when they fulfil their duty as Christian princes by legislating in support of the Church of Christ.

In pagan countries where Christ is not known, the rights of His Vicar cannot be recognized, and the exercise of them is both liable and likely to be hindered by physical force. But hindrance of the exercise of a right does not negative the existence of the right itself. This was the case during the first centuries and before the conversion of civil rulers to Christianity. Actual immunity from civil jurisdiction was not then enjoyed by the Vicar of Christ, but he had all along and from the beginning that Divine right to it which was inherent in his divinely instituted office. To the perfect fulfilment of that office this right is essential, and it is as essential to the perfect welfare of those for whose spiritual benefit that office exists.

The immunity of a supreme religious ruler is essential to the very idea of a Universal Church. Every member of a world-wide society has the same right to be unhindered and free to be ruled immediately by its supreme ruler, as that ruler has to his unhindered freedom in ruling every one of his subjects. The freedom of the Church of Christ is bound up with the freedom of the Vicar of Christ.

This freedom must be stable, and it must moreover be manifest to the whole world. It must not be dependent on the changeable will of man, and the reality of it must be placed beyond suspicion.



If the Vicar of Christ had his dwelling within the dominions of a civil ruler who acknowledged his Divine independence of all civil jurisdiction, he would have actual exercise of his right of immunity, along with recognition of that right. He would however have no other guarantee for the continuance of either, than the piety of that prince, and his perseverance in his piety.

He would, moreover, even while really free from civil jurisdiction, have the appearance of being subject to it. The reason why men are the subjects of a particular prince is that they are dwelling within his dominions, and if the Vicar of Christ had his habitual dwelling in the dominions of some prince, he would, however really independent, and known to be so by his fellow-citizens, come to be regarded by men of other nations as practically the subject of that prince. In addition to this, his exemption would always have the appearance of a concession, or privilege granted by, and dependent on the will of the prince in whose territory he was living, and whose subject, apart from exemption, he would naturally have been.

Under the most favourable circumstances the impartiality of the Vicar of Christ would be liable to suspicion in the minds of other princes and of other peoples, and especially if, in the fulfilment of his duty he had to prescribe a course of conduct which was distasteful to them from the point of view of their national interest, or temporal welfare. They might then, and not unnaturally, suspect that his action was not spontaneous and unbiassed—that he had been either led by partiality, or driven by force. There is only one way in which his independence of all jurisdiction of any civil power can be put at once on a stable basis and beyond suspicion, and that is his territorial isolation, with possession of civil principedom, and recognition of him as a sovereign prince by other civil rulers.

An institution is to be referred to the action of Divine providence, which when brought about by the course of events, is manifestly the most efficacious means towards an end which is known with certainty to have been intended by God. Such an end is the independence of the Vicar of Christ from all civil jurisdiction, since this is inherent in his office, and essential to the exercise of his universal religious authority. His civil principedom gradually grew up from the date of the conversion of civil rulers to Christianity, and therefore as soon as its existence became physically possible. It matured with the

growth of Christendom, and it has never been interfered with, without grievous damage to the Church of Christ.

The right of the Vicar of Christ to civil principedom—as it is a means, and the chief means, and practically the only adequate means for securing his independence—is distinct from his other right to dominion over territories which belong to him by the same title which gives right to other lawful owners of their possessions. When he is deprived of these territories he is robbed of his property, but when he is deprived of his civil principedom, he is divested of his personal independence and official freedom.

The question is not a national one, to be determined in the interest, or by the temporal interests of one nation. It is of cosmopolitan concern. There is no nation which has not a vested interest in the territorial independence of the supreme and immediate religious teacher and ruler of all Christian men throughout the world.

Throughout the centuries of conflict between the Roman Pontiffs and the rulers of this world, and amidst all the variety of character to be observed in the men who have sat successively on the throne of Peter, there is one characteristic which we find to be common to them all. In every one of them is apparent the same abiding consciousness of what he is—and of what he is not—that he is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and that he is only the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and that therefore it is not within his power to surrender one single right which has been entrusted to him. The *Non possumus* of the Pontiffs is the clearest expression of the plenitude of their power, as they are Viceroys of the King of kings.

In his successors Peter perseveres in his See, and their consciousness of what they are is as abiding as is the consciousness of one man of that which he individually is. It rests on Christ's words of promise, and the words whereby He fulfilled His promise, for to every one and to all of them collectively as with Peter they form one moral person, did Jesus speak when He said to Simon of Bethsaida, "I say to thee that thou art Peter, and on this Rock I will build My Church—I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven—Confirm thy brethren—Feed My sheep." The interpretation of a promise is found in its fulfilment, and the words of Christ are verified in the existence of His Vicar.

The children of this world may cry aloud, "We will not have this man to reign over us; we have no king save Cæsar," but the Cæsars of this world are stricken as by an unseen hand when they enter into conflict with that Church, against which the gates of Hell are powerless to prevail.

History repeats itself in recording the imprisonments, the spoliations, and the martyrdoms of the Vicars of the Crucified, but it has also to bear its testimony to the resurrections to freedom and to exercise of right of the Vicars of the Risen. The contest is as unequal as the issue is inevitable. On the one side is the physical force of civil power, but on the other is the strength, made perfect in weakness, of that power to which the civil power is subordinated by the ordinance of Him from whom it is derived. "Understand, O ye kings," cried the Psalmist in prophetic vision, "receive instruction, you that are judges of the earth. The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes took counsel together against the Lord, and against His Christ. But He that dwelleth in the heavens shall laugh at them, and the Lord shall have them in derision."

Given that Jesus is the Christ of the Lord, the Incarnate Son of the living God, and that He has associated and morally identified His Vicar with Himself, as He is the living Rock, the foundation and corner-stone of the one Catholic and Roman Church, need we wonder at the tale that history has to tell of the final issue of every attack made by princes on the Roman Pontiffs? The assailants of a viceroy are assailants of his sovereign, and the words which Christ said of Himself extend to His Vicar: "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, and on whomsoever it shall fall it shall grind him to powder."

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

## *The South African Languages.*<sup>1</sup>

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MORE than forty years have passed away since Livingstone first set out from Bechuanaland for the equatorial region, and inaugurated the age of African discovery by revealing to an astonished world the existence of Lake Ngami.

Directing his course across those extensive tracts of country, then designated in the map as *Terra incognita*, he unexpectedly found himself on the banks of a majestic river, some six thousand feet wide, which proved to be the Upper Zambezi, and gazed at the mighty cataracts called by the natives the "Falls of thundering vapour," and now known as the "Victoria Falls." With characteristic British energy the explorer held on his way in spite of overwhelming obstacles, and succeeded in crossing the Dark Continent from St. Paul di Loanda to the mouths of the Zambezi; he then turned to recross it, ascending the Shire River to Lake Nyassa, and penetrating into the interior as far as Lakes Tanganyika and Bangweolo. His descriptions of the slave traffic, which he everywhere witnessed, produced a shock of horror throughout the civilized world.

Livingstone's success tempted other bold spirits from Europe and America to venture in his wake: and in rapid succession a line of explorers, Baker, Speke, Grant, Cameron, Stanley, Giraud, and others, plunged into the heart of the Dark Continent. They tracked the course of its mighty rivers to their source, mapped out the configuration of its lakes, discovered the sources of the Nile, climbed the equatorial mountains clad with perpetual snow, and penetrated the gloomy depths of the Congo forest. The results of their travels, when published, awakened an absorbing interest in

<sup>1</sup> *A Comparative Grammar of the South African Bantu Languages*, comprising those of Zanzibar, Mozambique, the Zambezi, Kafirland, Benguela, Angola, the Congo, the Ogowe, the Cameroons, the Lake Region, &c. By J. Torrend, S.J., of the Zambezi Mission. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., 1891.

the mysterious continent that hitherto had been so reluctant to disclose its wonders.

Another band of explorers of equal energy and determination were attracted, not by the marvels of nature, the gigantic rivers, cataracts, lakes, forests, to be found in Central Africa, but by the unnumbered tribes that roam over these vast wilds, those millions of souls redeemed by Christ for whom the day of salvation had yet to come. To the devoted zeal of these pioneers of Christianity is due the establishment of Christian missions and settlements, gradually stretching from the Niger territory to Zanzibar, and from Cape Colony to Lake Nyanza. Their path, as may be imagined, was thickly beset with difficulties, and strange problems had to be solved from the very outset. What kind of men were these aborigines whom they had come to evangelize? How could they hope to make their mission intelligible, and to proclaim the glad tidings to these millions of human beings? How were they to master the puzzling varieties and bewildering forms of the native languages? Would they ever succeed in making themselves understood? Then again, up to what point did the intellectual ideas of the natives rise? Were they possessed of anything better for the expression of thought than a medley of outlandish jargóns, scarcely reducible to grammatical rules? These and similar problems had to be faced. One of them, the question of language, has, it must be confessed, been solved in an eminently satisfactory manner by the Rev. J. Torrend, S.J., in his recent work on the South African Bantu languages. The title of the book affords no indication of the interesting topics discussed within its pages.

The author tells us that the South African languages may be classified into three distinct families.

First, there is the *Bushman-Hottentot* group, which includes the dialects of the tribes which inhabit the South African deserts. Differing widely from each other in type, colour, stature, physique, these savages may be said to have nothing in common, except their wild, nomadic form of life, living at hap-hazard without laws, without chiefs, without cultivation of the soil. Their languages are chiefly noted for a profusion of *clicking* sounds, which defy description, and for a grammatical system, which approaches more nearly to the European than to the Bantu group.

The second is the Masai group, which comprises a number of idioms spoken by the inhabitants of the deserts nearer to the Equator between the high mountains of Kilimanjaro and Kenia.

The third and most scientific of the three families is the Bantu group, with which Father Torrend's work is chiefly concerned.

The Bantus may be described as an agricultural race. They occupy all the cultivated regions between the River Keiskamma in Cape Colony and the Equator, and extend on their western position beyond the Equator almost up to the mouth of the Niger. The area they cover is thus larger than the whole of Europe;<sup>1</sup> whilst their numbers are counted by millions. It is these tribes whom the ancient writers call the *Zinj*, and whose country Ptolemy called *Agisumba* or *Agisymba*.

It will be matter of surprise to those who know what strange divergencies of idiom are found among the few scattered thousands of North American Indians, to learn that the dusky millions of South Africa are connected by remarkable affinities of language. The relationship is as marked as that which at present exists between the Romance languages and the original Latin stock. Thus the Zulu, though spoken at a distance from the Dualla, greater than that of London from Mecca, differs from it less than French from Latin. This fact is highly important in the history of language, pointing as it does to some original language from which the various idioms are derived.

Writing seems to have been unknown among the South African races till the introduction of the Koran by Mussulman traders in the eighth century, when the written Arabic characters began to be adopted along the eastern coast. Yet no native literature exists beyond a few poems of no particular merit preserved in the Zanzibar dialect.

The real history of Bantu literature begins with the Catholic missions of the seventeenth century, when a small number of catechisms and grammars were published by the Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries. Several dictionaries were also compiled by them, which, unfortunately, never got beyond the stage of

<sup>1</sup> The area of Europe, if we adopt the boundary which leaves to Asia the whole of the Caucasus region, is only about three and three-quarter millions of square miles. The area of the Bantu field, including the Bantu enclaves in the Soudan, is at least four millions of square miles.



manuscript. Within recent years both Catholic and Protestant missionaries have exhibited praiseworthy rivalry in the study of the native languages, and have produced a number of grammars, catechisms, and translations of the New Testament. These prepared the way for Father Torrend's work. From the rough materials to hand he selected and systematized such as he deemed valuable, basing his selection on the personal acquaintance of the native languages he has acquired by long residence among the Kafirs.

He begins by making clear to us the leading principles at the root of the various Bantu dialects, from which they derive their family likeness, and to which are traceable all the special linguistic laws. These leading principles seem to be :

I. The formation of concords by means of prefixes. This will be referred to later.

II. A general dislike of monosyllables, so that a complete word or part of speech is rarely expressed by a single sound.

This principle, not previously noted, is of the utmost importance in the study of Bantu, as it accounts for a great number of puzzling formations, which, at first sight, might be considered irregularities. It may be compared with the principle of "triliterality" in the Semitic languages.

III. A third principle furnishes the general law of phonetic changes. While vowels are comparatively more stable, consonants are frequently interchanged, owing to the peculiar influence of the nasal sound on the sounds which follow it, and the national customs which are proper to each tribe. Thus, obviously, the same original sound will be more or less modified according as the tribe employing it wears rings in the nose or upper lip (as the Babuendes of Congo, and the Makuas of Mozambique); or again according as they extract certain front teeth (as the Tongas of Upper Zambezi, and the blacks of Pallaballa on the Congo), or file the teeth (as the Mbaras of Lower Zambezi, and the Kumbis of the River Kunene), &c.

The influence of the nasal sound on the sounds which follow it is not the same in all the Bantu languages, but in nearly all of them it produces very peculiar effects. Thus in Chwana, the language of Bechuanaland and the Transvaal, it changes *b* to *p*, *l* and *r* to *t*, *g* to *kg*, &c., and the best of it is that it is itself suppressed while producing these changes (pp. 12, 13, and 40, 41). In Nyamwezi it changes *t*, *k*, *d*, and *p*, to *h* (p. 17), but is not itself suppressed, &c.

After thus fixing the principles, Father Torrend proceeds to discuss in detail the particular laws of phonetic change observable in the different tribes, all of which he systematizes, deducing conclusions that are highly important as to the relationship between the different languages.

Thus, he points out that this family of human speech, if it be confined to the limits assigned to it by most scholars, has been very improperly compared by some philologists to the Aryan family. It is more correct to compare it, as stated above, to the group of the languages of Latin stock. It sounds like a revelation thus to hear of the existence of a scientific language of rare richness and beauty among millions of untutored savages, scattered over an area vaster than that of the whole of Europe, and having no bond of tribal connection or political unity.

Scarcely less remarkable is the fact that the dialects of the Bechuanas belong to the same particular group as those of Mozambique, and, more wonderful still, as those of the French Congo. The inference that the author draws from it is, that at some remote period of the world's history, an Eastern race landed in Africa, probably somewhere near Mozambique, and following the course of the River Limpopo and its tributaries, spread over the Transvaal and the adjacent regions, possibly in search of gold, as is being done by European emigrants at the present day. The only objection to this hypothesis is the existence of what is radically the same language in the French Congo; and Father Torrend hazards the explanation that this may be accounted for by the transportation of slaves from Mozambique to the Gaboon territory.

Without following him through his minute analysis of grammatical formations, inflexions, &c., which has elicited the praise from some of the leading philologists of the day, we may touch upon one or two points, which will be both interesting and intelligible to the general reader.

1. *Classification of nouns.*—It is no easy matter to the student of a language that has only two genders of nouns, to know at once how to distinguish masculine from feminine. Imagine the difficulty of mastering a language with twelve classes of nouns, each requiring different treatment for gender, number, &c. It is amazing how Bantu children pick up the knowledge of their complex language. The twelve different classes of nouns are distinguished by their prefix-formation of singular and plural. Thus, to take an example, the class

MU—BA requires the prefix MU<sup>1</sup> in the singular and BA in the plural (*v.g.* MU—NTU, *i.e.* a person; BA—NTU, *i.e.* persons). In the same way the class LI—MA takes LI in the singular, and MA in the plural (*v.g.* LI—SO, *i.e.* an eye; MA—SO, *i.e.* eyes); and so on through twelve declensions.

2. *Concord of words.*—Once the class of a noun is ascertained, concord of adjectives, pronouns, &c., with it becomes easy.

The general rule is to give to each of the distinguishing or qualifying words the prefix of the substantive to which it belongs, thus :

MU—NTU MU—BOTU, *i.e.* "a good person ;"

BA—NTU BA—BOTU, *i.e.* "good persons."

As, however, along with this general law of agreement the leading principles stated above have to be applied, the result is a vast number of apparent exceptions, not easy to master.

The Bantus have a very limited number of adjectives, and this limited number they divide on a novel principle into adjectives denoting *intrinsic* qualities (*v.g.* *great, little, young, old, good, &c.*), and those denoting *extrinsic* qualities (*v.g.* *white, black, near, belonging to, &c.*), the formation in each case being different.

For superlative degree they merely repeat the word, or give it prolonged emphasis.

Their method of reckoning is primitive: thus with most tribes the little finger denotes "one," the entire hand "five;" the thumb denotes "six," and "ten" is expressed by showing both hands, and so on.

3. *Pronouns.*—The multitude of pronominal forms and changes in the Bantu languages is bewildering, but it follows systematically from their rule of concord. Thus every pronoun, like every adjective, must have an element corresponding to the prefix of the noun to which it belongs.

4. *Verbs.*—The wealth of inflection in the Bantu conjugations of verbs is amazing. There are dialects which have six or seven ways of expressing our simple "I see," according to

<sup>1</sup> This prefix *mu* seems to carry with it the notion of something *upright*, as *mu-samo*, a tree, or producing life or health, as *mu-esi*, a pool of water, *mu-oyo*, the breath. For this reason medicine is *mu-samo*. Castor-oil rejoices in the complimentary name of *mu-bono-bono*, and a curious distinction is made between *mukande*, light Kafir beer (we presume because of its wholesome qualities or because it permits a man to stand upright) whereas fermented beer is *bukande*, the prefix *bu* signifying change or transformation. These examples are borrowed from the Tonga dialect.

the precise shade of meaning the speaker wishes to impart to his thought. These inflections (or rather variations) are effected by means of monosyllabic particles inserted between the pronoun and the verb, expressive of every conceivable variety of tense and mood. Moreover, the verb formations are further enriched by means of suffixes to denote factitive, desiderative, inceptive action, &c.: thus the suffix ISIA added to a verb makes it factitive, and similar suffixes imply application, intensity, reflective and reciprocal action, &c.

The result of this wealth of word formations and grammatical inflections is that the Bantu languages possess wonderful lucidity of expression, and are soft and musical to the ear.

Yet these are the languages of reputed savages, of men of a low intellectual standard. Naturally the question suggests itself: What can be the origin of these languages? Are they native of the soil, or were they imported? Are they to be traced to some ancient stock, which may have been the language of a highly cultured race in pre-historic times? The author gives no direct answer to these questions, but in the Introduction to his work he has collected and classified materials which go a long way towards supplying the desired answer.

From time immemorial South Africa has been looked upon by Eastern nations as a land of gold; and so far from being always a deserted wilderness, as we had hitherto believed, it is certain that within historic times it has had a considerable population who carried on a brisk trade with the East. If we are to credit the testimony of the Arab historian Masoudi, who travelled in these regions in the tenth century, it was a common tradition in the East, that soon after the Deluge, a branch of the family of Kush, son of Cham, ascended the Nile to its source and advancing beyond the Great Lakes, founded a city in the midst of the gold-mines of Sofala. If this tradition be accepted, the origin of the Bantu race is accounted for.

Further, it can be shown that before the time of Moses, Egyptian traders voyaged to the east coast of Africa in quest of slaves, gold, precious gums, and other marvellous products of the South. There is also reason for believing that Sofala (also called Sofara) is identical with the Ophir, or Sophir of the Septuagint, to which Solomon sent his fleet every three years for gold.

Moreover, we have proof that at a very remote period, the Sabeans of Arabia Felix had a colony in the Bantu territory,

somewhere near Zanzibar: and further proof, that long before the Portuguese set foot in South Africa, the country was a common resort of merchants from Abyssinia, Arabia, Persia, India, Java, and even from distant China. On the arrival of the Portuguese, the Arabs were found to have settlements all along the east coast, and emissaries of Islam were found at the capital of the Monomotapa,<sup>1</sup> or so-called Emperor of the gold-fields of South Africa.

Father Torrend concludes his work by several valuable Appendices written in Tonga and Kafir at the dictation of natives, which may be taken as specimens of the style peculiar to these languages. He has wisely added a literal translation. The Kafir Appendix contains a number of curious popular legends—the folk-lore of Kafirland—intermingled with songs. The Tonga one is a curious revelation of the superstitions against which the Fathers of the Zambezi Mission have to contend: of the natives' dread of witches, their belief that the chief can command rain or sunshine at will, the practice of ordeal of poison and fire in case of witchcraft and theft, &c.

The following account of their Theology taken down by Father Torrend from their own lips indicates no mean conception of the Deity.

God is a spirit; we do not see Him; He hears all things; if you say good things, He hears them; if you say bad things, He hears them. To those who say good things He will give happiness in Heaven. There are two roads: this is the one which takes people who do evil, it has fire; this is that which takes people who do good, who love; it has happiness, it has rejoicings.

The people who are dead long ago have gone to God, they have been received among His children. The chiefs pray to them in their villages, they pray that we may go with happiness to the end, saying: "Pray ye for us before God, kneel down for us before Him, that we also may go by the good road that leads to happiness." (pp. 289, 290.)

Their reverence for Livingstone is illustrated by their account of his supposed interview with God.

The Tonga say that God lives in the water at Siongo (Victoria Falls). Livingstone, a white man, an Englishman, once went to Him, he went into the bottom, and came out. He had said, "I am a child of God, I can enter therein." The people said, "No, you cannot enter

<sup>1</sup> Properly speaking, the word Mono Motapa, or Mono Matapa, "Chief Motapa" was the title of the Emperor, not the name of his empire. The general name of the country was Sofala, which has now a more limited signification.

therein, you will die." He said, "No, I shall not die." Then he went in, he went along the bank up to where the water rushes down, he went into the water, and came out. (p. 289.)

We must not omit to mention the Alphabetical Index which makes it very easy to study particular points, and may, if needed, be used as a lexicon of the most usual words.

The author of this remarkable work tells us in his Preface, that he began it in response to the oft-repeated entreaty of Rev. Father Depelchin, the founder of the Zambezi Mission, imploring his fellow-missionaries to study the native languages, as there were vast populations near the Zambezi who only required to know the truths of Christianity to embrace them. It is thus at once a monument of his zeal for souls and his linguistic talent. It will render invaluable service to every man who goes to Zanzibar, the Congo, or any part of South Africa.



### *The Professor's Discovery.*

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MANY of our readers are familiar with the name of Robert MacKinlay, the celebrated antiquarian. For the benefit of those who now hear of him for the first time, we may say he was a Protestant of old English descent, and connected with an Irish Royal University, a post for which his tastes especially fitted him. He was entitled to add a dozen learned initials to his name, rejoiced in experiments of all kinds, and had generally some new scientific hobby to ride, chiefly devoting his leisure to writing that famous work on Irish antiquities, by which he is best known. Forty-five years ago, when our story opens, he was already esteemed as an archæologist beyond the bounds of his native island, and his correspondence with French and German *savants*, compiled since his death by his widow, involving as it does a new theory as to the origin of Ogham inscriptions and round towers, is constantly referred to at the British Museum, by all interested in these subjects. At the time we make his acquaintance he was not married, in fact, having passed nearly eight-and-thirty years of life in the pursuit of knowledge, and, being a man to whom a fine specimen of Gothic architecture was more interesting any day than a woman, he was looked on as a confirmed old bachelor. In appearance he was then a tall, thin man, with a high forehead, from which the brown hair had receded, deep-set piercing grey eyes, rugged features, and a long, dark beard. He lodged in a quaintly-built house, that, according to tradition, had once been a convent, and preferred it, despite its many inconveniences, to more luxurious accommodation, because of some ancient wood carvings of great beauty which attracted his attention on his first visit. His landlady was a good soul, very pleased to let her rooms to one who paid so well for such old-fashioned quarters, and who gave so little trouble. At an early stage of their acquaintance the soul of Mrs. Mahony was vexed by "the quantities of rubbish" that her lodger was

in the habit of bringing home. One or two sharp reproofs, however, convinced her that if she wished to retain Professor MacKinlay in her house, she should abstain from throwing his specimens into the dust-heap, from "tidying" his papers, secreting his pens, or altering the position of his numerous magnifying glasses. This lesson once learned, the pair became excellent friends.

The Professor had many acquaintances of all classes and all creeds, and one of his special friends was a clever physician named Ronald Curtis, his antithesis on most points. While MacKinlay was dark, and of such an aspect as becomes a sage, Curtis was short, rosy and jolly, told a good story, and sang a good song. Even in politics and in religion they differed, for Curtis was a fervent Catholic, and a follower of O'Connell, while the Professor, an Orangeman, though reared in the tenets of old-fashioned Protestantism, and calling himself a Churchman, was more or less of a sceptic, and troubled himself little about the world to come, in short, as his landlady once said in a burst of confidence: "Whoever put *him* to death for religion, should be hanged for murder."

Having now introduced to the reader the hero of a very strange adventure, we begin our story proper on the day when, led by curiosity, he started to examine the crypt of an old church, then undergoing repair. The upper portion of this building having been burnt and restored, is comparatively modern, but the lower dates from the middle ages, and in those vaults lies buried more than one old abbot who governed the community when monks ministered to the congregation.

The Professor, wearing a long Inverness cape, and carrying in his hand an electrotyping tool, electrotyping being the latest novelty he had taken up, rang the bell of Mr. Jones the sexton's neat house, and preceded by that worthy man bearing a lantern, was conducted to the crypt, wherein was a half obliterated inscription lately laid bare, which he was desirous of seeing. The workmen had "knocked off" for their dinner hour, and the Professor picked his way as best he could amidst heaps of sand and mortar, and piles of bricks. He hopped with unwonted agility from one point to another, hindered as much as helped by the uncertain gleam of light in advance, that but partly lit up recesses, and cast wavering shadows of pillar and buttress across his path. The crypt in form reproduces the church above. There is a nave, and aisles divided off by arches

supported by a double row of piers. At one spot, between four pillars, is an ancient tombstone, enriched by a foliated cross, which had been raised from its original position level with the pavement, to about a foot higher, and bore across it, carved in modern letters, the inscription, "Richard Falkland, M.D. 1784," in defiance of the claims of its original owner, if there may be said to be a property in tombstones. As the Professor followed in the sexton's wake, his eye was caught by something unusual. The sixth pier on his left from the entrance had in it a hollow resembling a holy water stoup, or those recesses in the walls of Roman Catholic churches which supply the place of a credence-table in holding the cruets of wine and water used during Mass. He had never remarked anything there of the kind on previous visits, though he knew the place well; perhaps, thought he, the workmen disclosed it in knocking off the plaster. Attracted by the cavity, and wondering for what it was designed, the Professor struck it with his electrotyping tool as he passed, and with such force as almost to knock over something within. In an instant his hand was groping in the recess, and he had seized a large and heavy object which he dimly perceived was shaped like a casket. What a treasure! The Professor had always considered himself a strictly honest man; with grief, therefore, do we chronicle that in an instant he had concealed his find under his cloak, muttering, "That old fool of a Jones would only make a fuss," and was following the fat sexton as if nothing had occurred. To such depths may the love of investigation lead a naturally upright man.

Mr. MacKinlay displayed less interest in the inscription than Jones anticipated, and departed somewhat hurriedly, leaving half-a-crown in that worthy's hand. All the way home he trod on air. Like a child who puts aside the best slice of pudding for the last, he would not take the edge off his anticipations by as much as glancing at the burden he carried, until he was able to examine and enjoy it at his leisure. He soon gained his dark oak panelled sitting-room, with its two deep-set windows, one looking north, the other west. Close to the former as affording the best light, stood a table, covered with old documents, tracings, a microscope, several lenses, and a variety of similar articles. With a wave of his hand, the Professor cleared a space and deposited his treasure, which he now clearly saw to be a plain leaden casket about ten inches in

diameter, of metal, and hermetically sealed. Its appearance afforded no clue to its contents. He eagerly turned it over and over, when enter Mrs. Mahony in the most provoking manner with his long-delayed mid-day meal; it had been keeping hot in the oven from two o'clock, his usual dinner hour. With a half-suppressed exclamation of impatience the doctor left his discovery and began to eat hastily, directing as he did so many a curious glance at the side-table. Having swallowed his food, he rang to have the dishes removed that he might be secure of uninterrupted leisure. While Mrs. Mahony took away the cloth, he occupied himself in putting aside microscope, papers, and everything else except the casket, and in dusting down the table, a process of which it stood in need, his landlady watching the last process out of the corner of her eye, with a kind of good-humoured grimness that seemed to say: "You would not let me do that, and now you've got to do it yourself."

Having at last seen her depart, he sat down with an air of relief, and resumed his examination of the box. What did it contain? Old papers?—too heavy. Old coins?—too light. There was no means of opening it save by cutting the soft lead, but he did not hesitate. He always carried a strong, keen knife on his exploring expeditions, and this now stood him in good stead. He soon made an incision, and working the blade gradually round severed the lead on three sides, leaving the fourth as a hinge. He had but cut a little way when he was conscious of a sweet, subtle odour, emanating from the casket and filling the room. The perfume was like nothing else he knew, aromatic and yet delicate; it seemed to fill him with vague longing and unrest, to be connected somehow with memories and aspirations of the past, yet he felt sure that it now stole on his senses for the first time. At last the box was open. He rolled back the lid. At his breath a cloud of brown powder rose in the air, and then settled in a shower on the table. Brown powder, strongly scented, was all he could perceive at first, then with eager, delicate fingers he began to feel in the casket if nothing underlay all this. Yes, there was some object beneath, and the Professor, gently turning the casket upside down, shook it on the table. A few taps dislodged its contents. In the midst of the brown dust lay an object, dark in colour but perfect in form. It was—could it be?—it was unmistakably a human heart!

The Professor was quite unprepared for this discovery, and sat looking at it in amazement. Whose could it possibly be? How did it come where he had found it? The most probable conjecture was that it might be the heart of the dead and gone abbot whose tombstone had been so coolly appropriated by the relatives of "Richard Falkland, M.D." But was it customary for Catholics to embalm hearts? He could not remember much evidence on the subject. That of Cœur de Lion of course, and in his own day Daniel O'Connell's heart had been so preserved. He should question Ronald Curtis on the subject, as he would be likely to know if any such custom had prevailed in the Church of Rome, except with regard to princes or public men. The brown dust, too, puzzled him; it was no preparation of herbs, as far as he could judge, still less did it resemble a chemical product. He would have spent more time in examining it, but that the light was fading, so resolving to have it analyzed next morning, he reluctantly left his curious discovery, lit his lamp, and took up a book on the subject of embalming. Already he had mentally sketched the outline of a learned article for one of the reviews, tracing from the earliest ages the custom of preserving hearts (as soon as he had mastered all about it himself), relating the discovery of this particular heart, its supposed origin, and so on. "Curtis will be of great use to me," he thought. "He knows more about mediæval customs than half the men who write about them, and then he knows local history so well. Surely between us we shall be able to trace the man or woman to whom this belonged." So thinking, he went at last to bed.

His night was disturbed by frightful dreams. All was vague, chaotic, dreadful. A sense of oppression, of guilt, of desecration hung over him, connected somehow with the heart. He was threatened, pursued, gained upon by he knew not what; he tossed, groaned aloud, and woke, the cold sweat of terror on his brow, to find to his relief the grey dawn filtering into the room. To spring out of bed, thrust his feet into slippers, and throw on a dressing-gown, was the work of a moment. Then he drew the blind, and looked out on the quiet street. The closely-shut windows of the opposite houses were blank as sightless eyes; a solitary workman's sounding tramp was audible in the distance; it came nearer, cling, clang, cling, clang, ringing with monotonous regularity on the pavement, passed, and died away. There was no other sound.

The Professor's nerves were unstrung, his mind was still in a whirl, he feared to lie down and court again those dreadful visions. As he stood irresolute he heard through the half-open door communicating with his sitting-room the drip of some falling liquid, and wondering what it could be, he entered. His first glance was towards the heart, whose memory had so worried him all the night: was it safe? had nothing happened? The blind had not been lowered, and the casket with the dark object lying beside it was distinctly visible. He felt himself irresistibly drawn towards it. But what was this? what trick of the senses? Was he still dreaming, or was this some horrible hallucination? The brown powder had disappeared, and in its place there was blood, fresh and fluid as if newly shed, running over the edge of the table, falling in heavy drops on the floor, and a heart no longer shrivelled and withered, but expanded, rounded, and restored to its natural colour. Robert MacKinlay was a brave man who had laughed all his life at superstition, and even now, after the first shock, he began to ask himself could this be a delusion. But no! he was broad awake, every moment the light of day grew brighter, and here, close beside him, was this dreadful, mysterious object, that almost seemed to dilate as he looked on it. He could not doubt the evidence of his senses, but to make assurance doubly sure he forced himself to touch the heart. It was slightly warm, and rebounded elastically from the reluctant pressure of his finger. The night before it had been like so much old leather. Overcome with horror he stood staring at it, and now took place a greater miracle, for, as he looked, it shrank before his eyes, the blood clotted, dried, and fell to powder, the drops that had pattered on the floor disappeared; he was standing by the table with the heart in precisely the same condition in which he had left it. Imagine a practical man of scientific training, a man accustomed to weigh and balance evidence before admitting a jot or a tittle, who, moreover, had never had anything unusual happen to him in the course of his life, take such a man, brought face to face unexpectedly with anything as startling and unprecedented as this, and you may be able to judge of Professor MacKinlay's state of mind. He "felt like a murderer" as he afterwards said, but now that things had resumed their usual aspect, he began to take courage, and fearing further eccentricities on the part of his strange find, began very gently to restore dust and all to the



casket, and threw a covering over it. It was now more than ever necessary to consult Ronald Curtis, who might be supposed to understand the vagaries of an abbot's organ—if indeed it was an abbot's—better than his friend. The hour was, however, much too early for a visit, so the Professor paced restlessly up and down, fascinated yet repelled by the object that lay beneath the cloth, which he lifted from time to time, only to find the heart unchanged.

Breakfast, or an apology for it, once over, he wrapped up the mysterious casket, and started for Dr. Curtis' house. The servants knew him, so he was shown in without delay.

"Good morning, MacKinlay," said the cheery little doctor; "this is an early visit. Not professional, I hope—you don't look very well."

"No, no, I am all right," answered his friend; "the fact is, I want to consult you about something strange that has occurred, and I am half afraid that you will think me mad."

"Not much fear of that, you hard-headed northern," said Curtis with a smile. "Let me hear what it is."

Thus encouraged, MacKinlay began his story, to which his friend listened with wonder that would have been incredulity had any one else been the narrator. MacKinlay was visibly embarrassed in telling his extraordinary adventure, and narrowly scanned the doctor's face to catch the first symptom of the smile he feared to see there. "Upon my life, Curtis!" he concluded, with more animation than he usually infused into his quiet, forcible utterances, "I hardly expect you to believe me. I shouldn't have believed another fellow if he came with such a story to me, but it is God's truth. I brought the thing that you might see it, but you won't find a trace of liquefaction now; it's as dry as a chip."

As he spoke he undid the parcel, and his friend, completely puzzled between the Professor's gravity of assurance and the improbability of the occurrence, bent eagerly forward to see the curiosity. There it was, dried, cold, strongly perfumed, just as the Professor had described it, preserved after some fashion with which Curtis was unacquainted. Could this withered survival of the centuries have been reanimated as his friend declared? The thing was impossible. MacKinlay must have dreamt it, and yet, MacKinlay was not a man given to dreams. To hide his perplexity he took the heart in silence from its resting-place, and holding it on his palm examined

it attentively. Apart from all changes, it was a curious find. Suddenly he heard the Professor murmur hoarsely, "Look here," and glancing up, he saw that the brown powder in the casket was cohering, liquefying, flowing, filling the box. He gazed at the object in his hand, it was dilating, changing colour, the fresh blood dropped from the expanding vessels, it was in ten seconds unmistakably a human heart, as fresh as if just severed, warm too, not chill and deathlike, and as he held it, he vows to this day that he felt it quiver and palpitate. Awe-stricken he returned it quickly but reverently to the casket, looking as he did so at the traces of blood that stained his hand and cuff. The two men stood facing each other without a word, this awful thing between them.

"What do you think of it?" whispered MacKinlay.

"I think," said the other slowly, as if the words were wrung from him, "that you should not have meddled with it, that in my belief, it is the heart of a saint."

MacKinlay heard him, and did not scoff, but he felt he could not give in without a protest. "I do not believe in miracles," he murmured.

"Well," said Curtis, bluntly, "if this is not a miracle, what is it?"

"The heart may be preserved by some chemical on which the air acts as a solvent. You ought to know better than I do."

"I never heard of any such chemical used in embalming. There is no trace of any here. This is blood and nothing else, that heart to me seems absolutely alive. Besides, how do you account for its drying up? You led me to believe it was exposed to the air all the time."

"That I confess puzzles me."

"Well, I am satisfied it is supernatural, and so I believe are you, if you owned the truth."

"What ought I to do?" asked the Professor after a pause.

"You would not care to make the matter public I suppose?" said Curtis.

"Certainly not; I am not prepared to say that this phenomenon cannot be explained by natural means, and I don't want to be a laughing-stock."

"Then the only course I can suggest is to leave the heart in the cavity where you found it."

To this MacKinlay readily agreed, being quite determined

not to keep his extraordinary find another night beneath his roof.

"You had better get a sheet of tea lead," said Curtis, "and wrap casket and all in it."

The Professor accordingly went in search of this requisite. When he returned Curtis said in an awe-stricken voice: "It has begun to contract."

Yes! the blood was once more drying into dust, the heart desiccating, the spots disappearing off Dr. Curtis' hand and cuff; in two or three minutes from the time he observed a change, the whole had resumed the appearance it presented when exposed.

"What do you say now?" he asked.

"There are more things in heaven and earth," quoted the Professor with blanched lips.

Very reverently Curtis collected every trace of the scattered powder, and folded the casket and its mysterious contents in the sheet of lead which he secured as firmly as possible. With this in his possession, the Professor made his way to the church, and induced Mr. Jones once more to permit his access to the crypt.

There was the hole, just as on the preceding day. Again did MacKinlay linger a little behind the sexton, and this time, with nervous haste, laid his burden where he had discovered it. Whether he used unconsciously more force than was necessary, and so broke away some thin partition, or whether the centre of the pillar being hollow, the cavity had always communicated with it, he never knew, but he felt the packet slip from his grasp, and heard it fall, striking at intervals against the sides like a pebble in a well, until a dull thud from the depths beneath his feet announced that it had reached earth, and lay probably amongst the bones of the old abbot, whose tomb had been usurped.

"What was that, sir?" asked Mr. Jones, looking back.

"I fancy something fell," answered Professor MacKinlay.

C. O'CONOR ECCLES.

## *Mère Gilette.*

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### A STORY OF A FRENCH VILLAGE.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

"It is long since I have seen you, Jean," Madame de Mérillac said, looking up from her work at the young fellow who stood in front of her, blushing and awkward. "Once you were wont to come very often. I can see you now with your hand in that of your good mother, coming up yonder avenue." The lady gave a little smile as she spoke. It seemed to her so strange that this great, broad youth should be the tiny little toddler that she recollected so well. Then the smile faded away. She had remembered that in those old days her Laure had been beside her, clinging to her and laughing. Almost it seemed that she could *hear* that laugh. Surely no child had ever been so beautiful as hers. Then her eyes fell again on Jean, and she thought of the purpose for which she had sent for him. She must not be selfish. There would be time enough by and bye to conjure up dead visions of the past. For the present it was enough that she should think only of the anxiety of her faithful servant.

"We are old friends, Jean, you and I," Madame said, looking up at him again with her gentle, kindly smile. "You will not take amiss a word of warning? We old folk, who have been through the world, and have bought our experience, are able now and again to put a little of the wisdom we have acquired before our young friends. If they would but listen! But alas! it is seldom that they do. It is only when it is too late that they understand. 'If I had but attended when you spoke; but now!' It is always thus in the end."

The lady paused, and glanced at the young man. Jean fidgeted uneasily. He did not know what to answer. The colour mounted to his face, and in his heart was a fierce anger against his mother. It was she of course who had been to the

*château* to complain of him. He stood there fingering his cap, not knowing what to say. He would like to have carried out the principles which he had heard enunciated by the lecturer on the Green, but he was afraid. She looked so grand, so stately, this lady before him. And yet she was very simply dressed, wearing nothing but the deepest and plainest mourning. Madame Blondel, the wife of M. Blondel, the great mine-owner who owned a large *château* in the village, dressed in silks and satins, yet she did not look like Madame de Mérillac. He would have said just what he chose to that fat Madame Blondel, but before the quiet, stately form of the Duchess, he was silent. He murmured something about the horses, and believing they were as well shod as any horses in the world; but he was a poor hand at fencing that day, and his answer lacked skill. Across the face of Madame de Mérillac there came a little look of contempt. She liked what was open and true.

"I am not speaking of the horses, and I think you know that very well," she answered. "It is of yourself I speak, Jean, of yourself and the anxiety that is in the heart of your good mother."

"Of what is it that she complains?" he asked uneasily. He did not know yet how much Madame knew. It was necessary that he should find that out, he thought, before committing himself to a reply.

"It is not alone your mother who complains, Jean," the lady made answer. "Good Turquin finds his work neglected. And then, M. le Curé. I hear that to him you have become a stranger."

Jean tried to rally himself a little. "M. le Curé," he said with a laugh. "Madame must be aware that when one grows up one's ideas change on these subjects. As a child it was all very well—one believes what one is told, but when one becomes a man, one requires something more."

"And this question of religion—of the truths of Christianity—have you studied it very deeply, my good Jean?" Madame asked. There was a little sarcasm in the tone of her voice. She did not mean it, but it was there, and the young man noticed it. The hot blood mounted to his face, and his anger gave him courage.

"I cannot say that I myself have studied the matter," he answered, "but I have spoken and listened to those who have. These things that our priests preach are but fairy tales. For

old women like my mother it is all very well—it helps them to bear the troubles of life—but we know that it is all false.”

“We *know*!” Madame echoed his words in surprise, then she gave a little laugh. “My good Jean,” she went on, after a moment’s pause, “I will not be angry with you. But do you know, *mon ami*, that you have disposed of a few people whose judgment is worth perhaps a little more than that of the lecturers on the Green? It seems to me that such names as Messieurs de Chateaubriand, de Montalembert, Lacordaire, de Ravignan, Darboy, and a few others that I could mention, are at least worthy of respect. They are men of this century who have lived but for Christianity. I do not think that you can very well say that you ‘know’ to be false what they believed. I think if you pause to reflect, you will see that it is a little foolish to speak like that.”

Jean did not answer. The quiet tone of superior wisdom in which Madame de Mérillac spoke angered him, but yet he did not reply. He felt that perhaps it was more prudent on his part to be silent, lest he should expose his ignorance. But he would not give in.

“I know that I believe nothing that M. le Curé does,” Jean answered roughly. “As for these other gentlemen of whom Madame speaks, that is all very well. They can believe what they like as long as they do not ask me to share their faith.”

Madame de Mérillac shook her head.

“Poor Jean!” she said. “You do not know what you say. That was His plea for each one of us on Calvary. We all need it. You are strong and well, and to-day death seems a great way off. I have heard in my visits to the poor in Paris many sentiments similar to yours, until one day the dark figure appeared to beckon them away. And then! ‘Oh, send in haste for M. le Curé!’ Poor, despised M. le Curé! Ah, what a change! But we are drifting, my friend. I sent for you to speak, not on religious topics, but as to your behaviour to your good mother. Jean, she has toiled for you and she has seen many sorrows. You are all that she has left. Will you bring her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave?”

The young man was silent.

“And then the work? That should be done with all your heart. Turquin is a generous master. He has no son, and in a few years when he retires, you might set up for yourself. Work when you are young and strong, and then by and bye



will come honourable repose. Turquin himself was in just the same position as you, my good Jean, when he began life, and see what a comfortable house he has now, and how well-to-do he is. Come, will you not give me a promise, Jean, a promise for the sake of our old friendship, to attend no more of these lectures—to go home and be a good son to the best of mothers, and to work hard at the forge once more? And then is there not a little sweetheart? Some day you will bring her home a bride if you labour hard, and your life is honourable.”

The young man was silent for a moment. In his heart he knew that he had been far happier in the old days when he had laboured sturdily in Turquin’s workshop, and had given an arm to his mother on Sundays when the bells were pealing for Mass. Then he remembered what the lecturer had said, and reflected how grand it was to be independent, to have no fetters at all, to do in fact just what one liked. Why should he care for this Madame la Duchesse? How was she any better than himself? Was he not one of the sovereign people? Why should Madame sit, and he stand? He put on his hat, and answered insolently, “Certainly I shall make no such promise. I can well understand why you wish me to hear no more lectures. You know very well that it is there we are taught our rights—our power—there that we learn that we are your equals, and not your slaves, as you would have us believe. For hundreds of years you ground us down, starved us, ill-treated us; but those days are over. It is only lately that I have learned all this. And let me tell you this: there is a day coming when we shall mete it all back to you—when we shall administer to you your deserts. If you want your horses shod, get Turquin to come for the future. I am not servile enough for you. You sit there, and keep me standing! It is rather I who should sit, and you, citoyenne, who should——”

Madame de Mérillac rose. Her face had grown white, and in her eyes was a look of amazement. It was the first time in all her life that she had received an insult. She had been born a daughter of the great house of Chatériot, and all the grand blood of her race rose against this hewer of wood and drawer of water who dared to speak thus to her. “Leave my presence—at once,” she said.

And, awe-struck, Jean obeyed. As he went down the avenue of limes he knew so well, he wondered when next he would see the face of Madame la Duchesse!

For a while after she had been left, Madame de Mérillac stood motionless. She could scarcely believe that the young man whom she had known from his babyhood, the son of her old and faithful servant, had offered her such an insult. How dared he! How dared he! Then she stopped. She had been insulted, yes but then, had not Someone greater than herself also received outrages?

"God and kings drink deep of the cup of insult offered to them by the children of men," she murmured, unconsciously quoting from a great writer. She had been guilty of pride. Perhaps had she been more gentle she might have won the young man round. She would go to where she might learn to be gentle, to the house of her God. She went away through the gardens, across a field or two, and then came out through a private gate into a little open space above the bridge. A few paces further brought her to the door of the church. She lifted the matting, and entered.

It was cool and pleasant in the church that summer afternoon. The light came in through the rich stained windows, and fell here and there in hues of crimson, blue, and yellow. The place was deserted, and Madame's footfall, soft though it was, seemed to echo under the vaulted roof. She passed up the long aisle, crossed in front of the high altar where the tall candlesticks towered aloft, onward to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. She drew a chair near to the rails, and kneeling down, covered her face with her hands.

It was long before Madame de Mérillac moved. She knelt on while the bells in the tower kept pealing quarter after quarter. It is not easy to subdue pride. Even after years of weary conflict, when we think that at last we have made some progress, lo! something unforeseen occurs, and we find that the demon is there seemingly as powerful as ever. By and bye, the soothing influence of prayer began to tell. She raised her head and gazed long and earnestly up to where the white Christ hung above the altar. The wound-prints in His sacred hands were made because of her. This thought sufficed. The conflict was over. No anger was in her breast now when she thought of Jean. She was only sorry that she had not pleaded further. Her faithful servant's son! Surely nothing that she could do would be too much for any one belonging to her, for had not *Mère Gilette* been with her in the days of sorrow? She would try and see Jean again, try

yet once more to win him back to better ways. Then Madame rose, and went out into the summer sunlight. As she passed back along the Norman nave she saw M. le Curé in his white cotta and purple stole sitting in front of his confessional with his Breviary open on his knee.

"Hoping for some strayed sheep," he said with his tired smile as Madame passed. That was his one thought, to bring back those that had erred to his Christ. For this M. le Curé spent his life.

It was very warm out there in the narrow street which ran parallel to the Grande Rue, but Madame de Mérillac went on her way quietly. As a rule, she did not start for the cemetery till six o'clock while the weather was warm, and it was only striking the half after four as she came out of the church, but poor Jean had upset her usual routine. She went up the hill, along the narrow lane to the city of the quiet dead. Madame passed among the many graves till she came to where her Laure was sleeping. A simple marble crucifix marked the spot, while to the right lay the girl's father beneath a grey stone slab richly carved with the coronet and arms of the house of Mérillac. Madame knelt down in turn beside the resting-places of her dear dead. It was long before she could make up her mind to come away. She knew they were not *really* there, but yet somehow she seemed closer to them among the green mounds and wooden crosses than elsewhere. By and bye she rose, and with gentle touch rearranged the flowers on her dead child's grave and then passed through the chief gate, down the steep Grande Rue to the house where the Mère Gilette lived. She knocked twice but could get no reply. The good soul must be out, she thought, and turning the handle went softly in. The little whitewashed room was deserted. Madame sat down, and gazed at the little shrine and the faded wisps of corn.

The time wore on. Madame would not have waited, only she felt uneasy. She could hear the quarters chiming. By and bye the *Angelus* sounded, and still she sat on. It was just seven when the latch was lifted, and the Mère Gilette entered. Madame gave a little exclamation, and rose. She saw by the white, drawn face of her faithful servant that grief had come upon her.

"Sit down, sit down," she said. "*Mon amie*, I fear evil has befallen thee." And she took hold of the peasant woman's rough hands, and drew her gently into a chair.

Mère Gilette sat without speaking where she had been placed, rocking herself to and fro, and now and then giving a piteous little moan, as one does in grievous pain.

"Poor soul, poor soul!" Madame la Duchesse said, and that was all. When it is like that it is better to be almost silent. In sorrow so deep many words seem only to chafe.

At last after a long while, the Mère Gilette grew a little calmer. She moistened her lips and looked up at the kind, gracious face bending over her.

"I ask Madame's pardon," she said a little faintly. "He was the last of them all, and now he is gone, and I—I am alone."

"Gone!" Madame echoed. "Jean gone!"

Mère Gilette bowed.

"He went to see you, Madame, at your direction. I hoped so much from this interview. I thought perhaps it might change his conduct. I could not rest till I had seen him, and I walked back towards the *château* and met him returning. Alas, it had failed. I ask your pardon for his insults to you. I rebuked him sternly, for the first time in my life. I know that I was harsh to him. He was wrath that I had spoken to you, and he left me and I came home. *Mon Dieu*, I had thought I had known wretchedness enough for this day, but it was not so. After a while he came here—Jean came. He was like a madman. M. Rison had been to the forge, had forbidden the engagement, had told him that he should never speak to Babette again. He thought that it was my doing—*my* doing! I who would have cut off my right hand to save him one minute's pain. He said—no, there is no need to repeat it. When they are young and like that, they do not know what they say. Enough that he has left me swearing that he would look upon my face no more because I had parted him from Babette. I did not understand. Since then I have seen M. Rison, and I see that it was a mistake. It was something the good farmer said that he would do if he were me. He does not understand the heart of a mother. Jean thought that I had said it. I came back to tell him, but he had taken his things and gone. Then I went to Babette. Madame knows of Babette?"

"His betrothed? Oh, yes."

"She loved him, Madame. It is dreadful to see her."

"Poor girl! I will go and try and comfort her," Madame

said. That was her one idea when she heard of those in sorrow, to go to them, to see if there was anything that she could do to relieve or help them.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widow and fatherless in their distress, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world."

"I think always of Madame la Duchesse when I read that text in my Breviary," M. le Curé said once to me long ago. "It just describes her."

"It is very kind of Madame," the Mère Gilette said. "I am returning there myself. I did but come home to lock up the cottage for the night. I cannot leave her like that. It is not as if she had a mother or sister. Her father—he is good and kind, but a man is not like a woman at such times. He is furious with my poor Jean, and justly so, but it is no use to say that sort of thing to Babette; it only makes her worse. Madame understands."

Madame de Mérillac bowed her head for answer. A few minutes later and they went out. It was very still. The people were away in the fields enjoying the evening breeze. Now and then they heard the clack of wooden *sabots*, or some old woman sitting on her door-step bade them good evening, but that was all. They went down the hill, passed close to the bridge and the shut forge, then turned to the left and went by the grey walls of the ruined castle till they came to the house of the farmer Rison. He was standing at the gate.

"She is just the same," he said to the Mère Gilette. Then he saw Madame, and bowed. "I do not think she quite understands at present that he is gone. She is like one who is light-headed—my poor little girl. If I had known she would take it thus I would have been less hasty." He drew back and opened the gate as he spoke, and Madame de Mérillac, followed by her late servant, passed up the path.

It was a pretty spacious farm-house that M. Rison inhabited. The door was open wide, and everything in the large old-fashioned kitchen looked clean and bright. Another time Madame would have remained to admire the rich carved wood-work, the quaint old-fashioned china, but now she scarcely noticed them, thinking only of the poor child they were going to comfort. She followed the Mère Gilette up the steep staircase, across a broad landing and into a pretty bed-room.

Babette was sitting just where the good Mère Gillette had left her, and in the same attitude. She turned her eyes for an instant on Madame de Mérillac, but directly afterwards she had resumed her old position, and was clasping and unclasping her hands, as one does in some grievous bodily pain. Madame knew Babette well by sight at church, but she had never before spoken to her. She was above the average height, with a pretty figure, already well developed, and possessed a very attractive pair of hazel eyes, while the brown hair, when the sun shone on it, was burnished here and there with gold. Generally the girl was very bright, and it was therefore a shock to Madame to see the change which a few hours had wrought. She was dressed in her best frock, a white muslin with pink ribbons here and there, while her straw hat, trimmed with large daisies, lay on the ground near her. She had put on her best frock because a few days back Jean had promised to come and take her for a walk that evening, and she had been looking forward to it all day, and this was how it had ended. She could not believe in the evil which had befallen her. She had trusted Jean so, and he had said always that he loved her and wanted her to be his wife, and now—now he had gone away for ever.

"But he *said* he loved me," she said, looking up piteously at the Mère Gillette. "And he did once—oh! I know he did—I know it. But he could not love me now, otherwise he would have stayed and worked and tried to change my father. Perhaps he has seen some other girl he likes better—some girl near B——, where he was always, always going lately," a piteous note of jealous pain sounding in the girl's voice.

"No, no, Babette, it is not that. It is a mistake, and it is me that he is angry with. He thought that I had been the means of bringing his conduct to your father's notice. That is why he is gone. I alone am to blame."

"But if he had loved me he would not have gone and left the place where I was," objected Babette.

"But, *ma chérie*, when young men get angry they forget everything else in their anger. In a little while it will wear off, and then Jean will return—I—I hope—I pray."

"But my father he is full of wrath. He will not let Jean ever come to see me again, he says. Oh, why did he not stay, and work hard and get on? We might have been so happy—we might have been," and the great tears rolled down Babette's face.



"Cry, poor one," Madame said, speaking for the first time, and taking Babette's hand in hers. "Tears will relieve you. It is when one cannot weep that it is worse," and she sighed. To weep had been always a difficulty with Madame de Mérillac. There had been days and nights after her Laure had been taken from her when she would have given all that she possessed for the relief of tears, and yet they would not come. It was only a long while afterwards that she had been able to weep. She sat beside Babette, holding her hands.

"It is better thus, far better," she said once or twice to Mère Gilette, and the peasant woman bowed her head. "When it is over she will sleep."

And by and bye, when the sun had long set, and the stars were coming out one by one in the violet skies, Babette let herself be persuaded to undress and lie down in her neat little white bed, with the image of the dead Christ hanging above her head.

"I will come and see you to-morrow," Madame said softly, and Babette, poor, gentle Babette, looked up through her tears, and thanked her. Then Madame pressed her old servant's hand also. But to her she did not speak. What was it that she could say to console the heart of this mother? She could pray for her, that was all she could do. She went downstairs and out into the summer night. In the lane beyond the gate she met the farmer.

"She is better now," Madame said. "Tears have brought relief, and by and bye nature will have its way and she will sleep."

"Madame is very kind. I thank her," M. Rison said. "It was my duty to put an end to it. I ought never to have consented. My girl should have done better, but as long as I thought well of him, it was enough for me that she cared for him and was happy; besides, in old days I, too, liked the lad. If he had chosen he might have done well, for there is some talent in the youth."

"He will return repentant and wiser let us hope," Madame said, but M. Rison shook his head.

"He started for Paris, I hear. That is not the school in which to learn wisdom or penitence, I fear," the good farmer answered, shaking his head. Then Madame de Mérillac wished him good-night, and went on down the lane, and across the old stone bridge with the quiet river flowing beneath.

## CHAPTER V.

"We will find you work, never fear, never fear. Meanwhile, make yourself easy, and enjoy a little of the pleasures of youth. For my part, I have passed all that. I care only now for a stoup of wine, a good dinner, and a little brandy after it—just to wash it down; but when one is young there are other things."

The speaker was a dirty-looking old man of about sixty, with watery eyes. He was dressed in a blouse, and on his head he wore a hairy cap, as he stood in the doorway of his house, which was situated in one of the lowest and most wretched parts of Paris. Jean, standing in front of him, thought him one of the most repulsive individuals he had ever seen. He was glad when a passer-by stopped to speak to his companion in a low voice, and gave him an excuse to retire. He nodded his head to the old man, and went away down the filthy smelling street, which was rendered hideous by the harsh cries of the vendors of rotten fruit, and other such delicacies as come in the way of the dwellers of the Faubourg S. Antoine.

Jean had been in Paris only a few hours, and already he was almost sick of the blinding glare and heat which belongs to the great capital in the dog-days. He was weary too, having travelled all through the summer night in one of those slow, stopping trains which generally follow the mail along the main lines of France, and which are hardly better than travelling by diligence. The morning was already well advanced when the train had crept into the great Terminus du Nord, and then Jean had had hard work to find an apartment suitable to his means; after which he had journeyed on foot to an address which had been given him by one of the lecturers who had spoken at the meeting on the Green. "He would always find you a post," they had told Jean; and so the young man had gone down into the filthy low quarter in which the "Citizen Dobert," as he called himself, lived, who had promised to do even as the lecturer had said. Jean had cast aside, or professed to have cast aside, the religious principles in which he had been reared. He had taken to cursing and swearing, as did the men at the great mining works near B—; but he had nevertheless been startled and awe-struck by the filthy language and blasphemous oaths employed by the citizen. In the few minutes' interview

he had had with him, the old man had crept close to him, and had told him of where he might go in order "to amuse himself." As he passed along the narrow, reeking streets, he was startled at the language of the low, dishevelled creatures, whose painted and powdered faces looked strange above their dirty finery. He was glad when he got away, out into the broader streets, and so on till he came to the boulevards.

All day he wandered about the beautiful streets of the most beautiful city in the world, looking into the jewellers' windows in the Rue de Rivoli, or gazing up at the grand front of the Tuileries—grand in spite of the fact that the building was but a shell, and that the walls were black with the smoke of the fire. As he stood there, looking up, he could see through one of the windows a great candelabra still clinging to the wall—a candelabra which once had been gilded, and full of lights, but was now a blackened mass of metal. It was right and fitting, Jean told himself. That had once been the home of tyrants who had lived on the blood of the people. Still, as he looked at that wonderful ruin, it seemed a pity to have destroyed anything so grand and beautiful as the palace must once have been.

He grew weary of sight-seeing at last, and made his way to a small restaurant near where he had selected a lodging, and dined there off some unsavoury *messes* and a bottle of sour wine. The sun was gone, and the streets were cooler when Jean came forth from the close, hot eating-house. He sat down on a bench after a while, and smoked pipe after pipe, until long after the night had closed in, and the stars were shining in the great vault of heaven. He could see a few up above the roofs of the high, dirty houses. How beautiful they must look out in the country! Jean found himself sighing after his old place on the bridge, with the water lapping against the stone arches underneath, and for the sound of Gaspard's merry laugh, and the voices of his old companions. Ah, that belonged to the past, before he had heard of the rights and the freedom of man! He had done with that sort of thing, done with Gaspard and François, and the others who were content to labour all day long, and who went on Sundays and *fêtes* to hear the Mass of M. le Curé. He had done with it, he told himself again, and then rose up and made his way back to the quarter where the Citizen Dobert lived, back to a place of amusement where shameless women screamed filthy songs, and all was vile and low beyond description. Once, as he joined in the shouts of applause

which greeted some indecency, the thought of Babette shot through the young man's brain—Babette, so good and innocent! The laughter died on his lips, and his face grew pale.

"What is it, my fine fellow, are you ill? Drink some of this," the woman beside him said, and she held up a glass of brandy.

He followed her advice. In a little while he had managed to banish the image of Babette from his mind, and was laughing again at the indecency and vileness around him.

The bells were sounding from the great churches for early Mass before Jean staggered along the street to his lodging, and flung himself on his wretched bed. It was past noon when he awoke. His eyes were heavy, and he felt as if his head would burst.

"It is the cursed brandy!" he told himself, as he stumbled down the narrow staircase to get his breakfast at the eating-house.

Now and again in those first days in that great city—that city famous for its marked contrasts, its lives of purest noblest self-sacrifice, side by side with those devoted only to every vice that degrades—now and again, I say, thoughts of other days, when Babette was beside him, swept across Jean's memory, and he shivered in the sultry summer heat as though some unseen hand had smitten him. The hazel eyes seemed before him, and he read in them the condemnation of the life he led, and the depths to which he had sunk, but he put it all from him, fought against the recollection, and went away among his new friends, to vile men and yet viler women. A woman is always worse than a man if she is evil. I suppose it is because the God who made them meant them, by their sweet and attractive purity, to lift us to better things. In that terrible time when the streets of the fair city of Paris were filled with blackened corpses, it was the women of the Commune who were the evil genius of that evil hour. They tell me—those who know, those who were there—that it was a sight that sickened the beholder, those mad, drunken furies, with their dishevelled hair and bare breasts, lying wounded in the streets, shrieking out curses until death came, and they could shriek no more.

Jean grew very weary of Paris before the dog-days ended. The heat, stifling and trying enough to a town-bred youth, was fearful to the young man reared in the sweet, fresh country air

of Normandy. As he made his way along the wretched streets of the low quarter in which he habitually passed his time he longed with a great longing for a sight of the green trees, the hills, and the silver river winding its way along under the shadows of the turrets of the *château* of Madame la Duchesse de MÉRILLAC. Even if his pride would have allowed him to humble himself and return, he could not have gone, for he was no longer free. Old Dobert had found that Jean had a rough gift of eloquence, and almost nightly he was engaged in addressing meetings, telling the people of the wrongs they suffered, and how the hour was coming near when they must rise again and take back the power they wielded in 1793. If he would only have spoken more vehemently, old Dobert would have made him president of a section, but Jean could not cry out for blood.

"It is a mistake to kill," he said always, and Dobert laughed at him.

"You will mend of that," he said with a leer. "The taste for it comes with the power, my friend. It was sweet, the day we took the priests out and shot them. I liked it best when some were only wounded, and we had to prop them up to be fired at again. It would have made you laugh to hear them praying to God to have mercy, not upon themselves, but upon us! 'He is deaf, that God of yours—call louder,' I said to one old fellow—he was Curé of the church at the back here, and was badly wounded. He was leaning against the wall, but he opened his eyes then, and looked at me. 'Father, forgive him,' he said faintly; and then, 'He is not deaf, *mon ami*. He could hear that. Some day perhaps you will understand—I pray so, I pray so.' Then he fell down dead, and I kicked his body and came away."

Jean turned aside disgusted. Could it be after all that the others were right and he wrong? Could it be that there never yet lived a tyrant so terrible as King Mob? That was what M. le Curé, and Madame la Duchesse, and Turquin, and others in his Norman home had told him. "I kicked his body and came away." Could it be that after all the people of the Commune were wrong? He could not—he would not believe it. But still, the thought chilled him.

"What ails thee to-night? thou art lacking in thy usual eloquence," one of his friends said to him as they came away from the club-room. "It was of rosy lips that thou thoughtest rather than of tyrants and the rights of the people, I suspect.

Well, well, it is good to be young. I forgive thee," and the other laughed and shook his companion's arm.

But Jean did not answer. Rosy lips! It was long since he had seen any, he thought bitterly. Who could apply such works to the painted, vile creatures with whom he consorted, and the face of Babette rose before him. He shuddered as the memory of his former betrothed smote on him, just as some lost soul might shudder at the memory of those it had once known and loved, and from whom it was separated for ever more! Ah, those days when he had wandered hand in hand with Babette in the woods around that far-off, goodly Norman village, and gathered sweet nosegays for her. He had given up that—given up all chance of being the husband of a maiden who had loved him well, given up the mother who had tended him and toiled for him as long as he could remember, given up Gaspard and François, and his fresh country life, given up everything for the cause of the people; at least so he told himself, and did not know that there was a good deal of pride and self-will mixed up with his determination. "For the people," he whispered to himself always. The Church had her martyrs. In the stained windows of the old Norman edifice where his little dead brother had served the Mass, there were pictures of those who had died because of the white Christ who hung above the altar. Was he not a martyr as much as they? Had he not given up all because the people suffered? Surely his martyrdom was greater than those of the painted saints who had died believing that there was a God who would reward them? The people were his god. As for the other—the white Christ above the altar, before whom M. le Curé and Babette and his mother had knelt in prayer—He had been dethroned long ago. The people had disowned Him. "*A bas le Jesus*," they had cried but yesterday, when a priest had come to a house in the Faubourg S. Antoine, where lay a poor fool in his death-agony, who had begged that the Curé of the parish might be sent for to hear his confession, and bring to him the Host, unreceived now for forty years. Yes. God was a myth. The people had decreed it so, and the people were always right, at least, so Jean believed then. So he went homeward to his wretched lodgings, and shivered as he thought of Babette whom he still loved. In the monotonous round of duty at the forge his love had perhaps cooled a little, but since he had left his home and was separated from her, truly all the old feeling



had woke up. He tried to put the memory of her face from him, the face which came to him in his dreams, and looked at him so reproachfully.

The summer heats passed away at last, and winter came with its frost and snow. Jean's mind went back more than ever now to his Norman home. As he made his way to his lodging late from the club, where he had been busy with the Citizen Dobert, he thought of how the forest must look at home in its beautiful winter pall, and could see the wood-fire burning in his cottage home and throwing its gleams on the little Calvary in the corner.

The cold increased as the days went on. The very banks of the Seine were edged with ice. It was like the winter of 1870 to 1871—the winter which all who love France will never forget—when the sentries perished at their posts outside the stone walls, and the hands of those who held muskets were frost-bitten while they sought ever to roll back the iron line which had swept round the once mighty capital.

"There will be skating soon if this lasts," Jean heard some one say, as he went to the house of the Citizen Dobert on the morning of Christmas Eve. Jean acted as a sort of secretary to the citizen, both in his private business as a wood-merchant, and also in his political character as a president of a revolutionary club. The wood business did not give Jean much trouble. All the subscriptions connected with the aims of the society were paid direct to the citizen, and perhaps if an audit of them had been called for it would have been necessary to work harder at the wood business. As it was there was no audit, and Dobert managed to live without any great trouble. His education had been neglected, and writing was a difficulty to him. A secretary was therefore almost a necessity, and Jean did not ask much, only just enough to enable him to live. He was serving the people, that was enough for him.

"It is cold, very cold," Citizen Dobert said, when his secretary made his appearance that morning of which I am writing. "In the parts from which you come the wolves must be hungry in the forest, eh?"

"Yes, there will be some hunting," the other answered, and his mind went back to the wide forest which he knew so well, just covered with winter's pall. Then he sighed and took up the letters which had come and set to work, only every now and then pictures of the home of his youth rose to his mind. It

was late that night before he left the Citizen Dobert, past half-past eleven, and the frost was enough to freeze the very marrow in one's bones. As he walked homewards the church bells sounded for the Midnight Mass. He shrugged his shoulders as he thought of the superstition of it all. It was nonsense, he knew that, but still, still he felt a vague longing to see the inside of the beautiful church at home again. And as he thought this, he found himself outside one of the noblest buildings in Paris. The bells had ceased, and he could hear the organ. He lifted the matting and passed in. The great lights on the altar were burning, and he could see the priests in their cloth of gold vestments, while the glorious plain chant one hears always in France, rose and fell under the lofty arches. And by and bye came the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, and after it the wonderful Gospel which tells of the shepherds who kept watch on the star-lit plains of Bethlehem eighteen hundred years and more ago. And even when it was over, Jean, though he was tired, could not make up his mind to go, but stayed on while the white clouds of incense rose, and the bell sounded, and the priest lifted up the Host before the people. And near where Jean stood was a young girl kneeling on a chair saying her rosary. Somehow she reminded him of Babette, though she was not really like her, only now and then when she glanced up at the high altar there was a look in her eyes which reminded him of the girl he had loved. He was sorry when the service was over and he had to return to his dirty lodging.

And after Christmas the days seemed to creep more and more. Jean led a more quiet life now than he had done when first he came to Paris. Then he had delivered himself up to the company of the lowest among the low, had striven by wild excesses to put the memory of Babette from him, and for a time he had in a way succeeded. He had taught himself to believe that life with one woman would be stale and flat. After all what had he in common, he asked himself, with this Norman girl, who went every day to pray in the church to the Christ whom the people had abolished? But after a while he had grown sick of the painted creatures with their filthy witticisms, and had become grave and solemn, and devoted himself more than ever to the cause of the coming Social Revolution. His heart was sad for the people's misery and want. When he wandered through the great broad boulevards and saw the

rich in their luxurious carriages, saw their houses resplendent with numerous lights and every magnificence that wealth could give, and noted their apparent indifference to the misery that existed scarcely a stone's-throw from them, he longed to drag them from their ease and make them taste of the chalice of the outcast. All one afternoon in the height of the Paris season he wandered through the fashionable streets, and in the evening spoke at a hall in the Faubourg S. Antoine. He had always had a sort of rough eloquence, but that night he spoke with passion and stirred his listeners.

"I would tear their jewels from them and trample them underfoot. I would fire their houses, these aristocrats who hate the poor. There is nothing like fire when you deal with vermin."

"Well spoken. You shall lead the way with a torch on the day we light fires in the streets of Paris again," the people answered, and they patted Jean on the shoulder, and would have *fêted* him, only he broke away from them. But even as he went, he heard the people calling out his own words, "Fire, that is the only thing to use in dealing with vermin."

"That was a fine speech you made the other night," the Citizen Dobert said to Jean a few days later. The committee have ordered it to be printed and sent for distribution to all the chief towns where there are branches of the society."

Jean felt flattered. And when he saw himself in print he was proud. There was nothing in the speech, in reality, which could not have been demolished in five minutes by any man of education, but Jean did not know that. It was his first really violent speech, and its violence alone had led to its being printed.

"Cast your bread upon the waters, and you shall find it after many days." Jean read the speech through once or twice in print, and after a little forgot it. It was only when many days and nights had come and gone that he remembered it, that his words came back to him!

## CHAPTER VI.

THE winter rolled slowly away, and the spring-time came at last. On the boulevards, vendors of flowers sold sweet-smelling violets and great bunches of white snowdrops, which the young children coming home from the Lenten services loved to stop and buy. It was pleasant out there in the wide streets in the sunlight, after the long, cold winter.

And by and bye came Holy Week, with its veiled crucifixes and priests in sombre vestments, while at dusk the churches were thronged and the vaulted roofs overhead echoed to the mournful wail of the *Tenebræ* chant: *Miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.*

It was superstition, Jean told himself, and yet somehow—perhaps for the sake of old memories, perhaps because he knew that at the same hour Babette would be in the parish church at home—the young man made his way on Good Friday to see Nôtre Dame in its black draperies, and hear the chanting of the Passion, and afterwards lingered on while the choir sang the plaintive reproach—*Popule meus, quid feci tibi, aut in quo contristavi te? Responde mihi*—lingered on till the Mass of the Presanctified was over and the altars were stripped, and Nôtre Dame was silent and deserted once more, save where here and there some worshipper knelt in silent prayer to the Christ who, being lifted up according to His promise, draws all men who will unto Him.

But on Easter Day, when the church bells pealed, Jean did not go. He did not feel inclined for the joyous tones of the great feast. He stood outside, and watched the worshippers come forth with bright faces after the fulfilment of their sacred duties, but with it all he had neither part nor lot. He was as one of the crowd in the chanting of Good Friday's Passion, who answered the *Ecce Homo* of Pilate with the wild cry: *Non hunc, sed Barabbam.*

The summer came, and once more Jean thirsted for a sight of the green fields and winding silver streams of his Norman home. The heat of the Paris streets tried him, the noise of traffic by day and night grew horrible to him, but still he held on to his post. He would not desert the cause of the people. In the club-room near the residence of the Citizen Dobert, he

spoke often now, spoke with bitter hatred against those who lived in comfort.

"They exist but to devour you," he cried one sultry night, when overhead the thunder rolled as though telling of the storm to come, and the heat of the place was so intense that many of the women fainted, and were carried out. "They exist but to devour you, to amuse themselves, these aristocrats. I have seen them in their splendour, and I would burn their homes, and tear their ill-gotten gains from them!"

He spoke longer than he had ever done before. The enthusiasm of his audience pleased him. When he sat down, they raised cries for the erection of the guillotine. Then a whisper ran that there were *gendarmes* outside, and the cries ceased, and the company dispersed in silence. As Jean made his way through some of the side cuts which led to his own lodging, it seemed to him that he was being followed. He looked back from time to time. An old man with white hair was behind him always. He stopped at last.

"Do you want anything?" he asked.

"I heard you speak," the other answered. "I, too, am interested in the sufferings of the people. That is my address. I have written it in pencil. Could you call on me there to-morrow? What hour would suit you?"

"I could call at four, not before," Jean answered.

"I will make it suit. Good-night." A moment later, and the old man was gone.

Jean looked at the address; there was no name, only No. 8, Rue de B—. The street was not more than a mile from where he lived. As he made his way homeward he wondered who and what the unknown was.

The next day Jean did his work with the Citizen Dobert, but left earlier than usual. The clocks of Paris were striking four as he rang the bell of No. 8 in the Rue de B—.

"I have an appointment here," he said to the old woman who opened the door. "Some monsieur invited me to call on him at this hour."

The old dame smiled, and invited him to enter. A minute later and he was in a large room on the ground floor, the walls of which were covered with well-filled book-cases. Near the empty hearth some one was standing in clerical dress. Jean looked, and, to his amazement, recognized the white-haired

stranger of the previous evening. The old priest held out his hand, laughing good-naturedly.

"*Mon ami*," he said, "I have stolen a march on you, but you will forgive it because we are both interested in the same cause. No, I do not mean the Revolution—the picture yonder of my King will show you my politics—but I mean the cause of the poor, of the friends of Jesus Christ."

Jean did not answer for a moment, then he said roughly: "Jesus Christ is dead. He does nothing. We have buried Him a hundred years back—in 1793."

"Are you *sure* of that?" the old priest asked. "If you will come with me a little, I will show you Him at work. I will show you some of His power, some of the wonderful things that He can do. Listen, my friend. I heard you speak. I go often to meetings, disguised as you saw me. My life is devoted to the cause of the poor, of the hungry, of the sinful. If you look in those cases you will see my name on the back of many covers. It may be that you have heard it. I am the Abbé Larmé."

Jean nodded. He knew the name. He had seen it often in large letters posted up outside S. Roch and Nôtre Dame, and many other churches, as preaching for this charity or that.

"I heard you speak," the Abbé continued. "I listened, I marked your manner. I had heard you once before, and had noted that you spoke then with moderation—that where others cried out for blood and fire, you spoke only of how to obtain the wealth of the rich, and to distribute it to the poor. But last night you were changed, there was hatred in your tones, you, too, would cry out for blood. I listened, and then you told of your visit to the quarters of the wealthy, of your belief in their indifference, and so on. Well, if you will come with me, I will show you that they are not all like that, I will show you that the power of Jesus Christ is as great to-day as ever, that it has not grown weak, but that on the contrary it is still as capable as ever of leading men to the sublimest heights of self-sacrifice. Will you come?"

Jean hesitated.

"Why not?" the Abbé asked.

"If any one saw us together," Jean answered, "it might prejudice them against me. Those who think with me would fancy that I had deserted the cause."

"Then follow at a distance."



Jean nodded, and they set forth. The Abbé Larmé made his way in a contrary direction to that in which was situated the club-room and the residence of the Citizen Dobert, but still, the quarter he went to was almost as low and vile. It was one of the poorest parts of Paris. By and bye the priest stopped at the door of a wretched-looking habitation, and looking round made a sign to Jean to follow him in. At the top of the house they reached a back room. The staircase was rickety, and the rest of the house filthy enough, but here all was clean. The window was open, and a pot of flowers stood on the sill. Near the bed was a table, and on it a vase full of roses, a basin of jelly, and a crucifix. Lying on the couch was a young man of about five or six and twenty, and Jean saw at a glance that he was dying of decline. The invalid fixed his glassy eyes on Jean, as though inquiring who he might be.

"I have brought a friend with me, you see," the Abbé said, answering the look. "He is going round with me this afternoon to see some of my acquaintances who live in this neighbourhood. Tell me, *mon ami*, how have you passed the night?"

"Not well—the heat," the other answered faintly. It was so difficult to talk. The sands of life had run so low that there was hardly any breath left in that poor, wasted body.

"Has Madame visited you to-day?" the old priest asked.

The face of the dying man lighted up. "Not yet," he said. "The good Sister came as usual, and made me clean and the room tidy, but Madame said she should not be here till three or four o'clock. Listen! I hear some one coming. It is her footstep I am sure."

Just then the door opened, and Jean saw a vision such as he had rarely seen before. It was a lady of some two or three and twenty, with masses of golden hair, and a face of extraordinary beauty. Never in all his life, he thought, had he seen anything surpassing the glorious grey eyes that looked so gently, so compassionately towards the sick-bed. She came slowly across the room, carrying in her hand a great bunch of creamy roses. Then her glance fell on the priest. As she gave him her hand she saw Jean, and lifted her eyebrows a little.

"I am late this afternoon," she said to the sick man, "but," smiling sweetly, "I went to all my other patients first, so that I might be able to stay longer with you." Then she took a chair and began to arrange the roses in an empty vase. Her voice was

very sweet Jean thought, like music. It brought back to his mind the tones of Mdlle. Laure, which in the old days at the *château* he had heard so often.

"Madame la Princesse is very good," the dying man returned. "There is nothing I like so much as these flowers. They remind me of long ago—of when I was little, and lived in the sweet, fresh country with my good mother—before I came to Paris—before I came——" shaking his head sadly.

Jean almost started. The words recalled his own case to him. Then the Princesse spoke, and he forgot all else listening to the silvery voice. Surely Mdlle. Laure had come back to earth, the tones were so similar. He could shut his eyes, and fancy he was back in the old *château*, in the long ago past.

"But I shall be vexed if my flowers make you look sad. I meant them to cheer you. Besides, no one is allowed to look sad to-day. It is the eve of a great feast—the feast of sinners. To-morrow is the day when the Church commemorates the Assumption of the Mother of God—that Mother whose children we became amidst the darkness of the first Good Friday, and whose arms are ever stretched out to the sad and the sinful. But see," laughing a little gently, "I am usurping the functions of M. l'Abbé there. If I am quiet, perhaps he will tell us some wonderful things."

The priest shook his head and rose. "I delegate my task to Madame la Princesse," he said. "I am taking my young friend round with me to-day. *Mon ami*," touching the hand of the sick man, "I will see M. le Curé, and arrange with him that to-morrow at seven o'clock he shall bring you our Divine Lord in the Holy Communion. As Madame says, 'It is the feast of us sinners.' It is well not to miss it."

Then the Abbé blessed the occupant of the couch, and bowed to the lady, and Jean followed him from the room. As they passed out into the narrow, hot street, reeking of filthy odours, he wondered how one so fair and beautiful as the vision he had just seen could come to such a place.

"She is very lovely," he said, half to himself. "What is her name?"

"She is the Princesse Calachieri. Her husband is a Neapolitan, but the Princesse is by birth a Sicilian. The beauty of a Sicilian blonde is proverbial, but beauty of the body is but a poor thing, *mon ami*. It goes quickly, and at best, what remains of it after death? Madame la Princesse has that which

is better—she has the beauty of a soul devoted to the cause of Jesus Christ and His poor.”

So there were others besides the Communists who thought of the poor, Jean reflected. Here were a priest and an aristocrat both trying to help them. Then they entered another house, and his train of thought was broken in upon.

In a small, dark room at the back of the dwelling, they found a little old man, quite blind, and engaged in dusting his room was a very stout lady, one of the stoutest ladies, Jean thought, he had ever seen in his life. When she saw the Abbé she began to laugh.

“It is nearly done,” she said. “Some of my friends in the Association say to me it is the talking they find so difficult, and I say always, ‘Oh, my dears, that is nothing to me, it is the sweeping and the dusting that try me,’ but then they are not forty-six inches round the waist, as I am, so I suppose that makes a difference.”

“No doubt, no doubt,” the Abbé responded, laughing. “And our poor friend here, how is it with him to-day?”

The lady shook her head, and across her countenance there came a look of compassion. Naturally she was very plain, but when that look came, she seemed to Jean almost beautiful.

“It is not a very good day,” she said gently. “We feel the full weight of our cross just now.”

So the Abbé Larmé sat down beside the blind old man and began to talk; but it was difficult to get much out of him. He complained of the dust which Madame made by sweeping. It had upon him the effect of snuff. For his part, he would prefer to be without this sweeping. The Abbé sympathized with him in his discomfort, but ventured to suggest that Madame’s soups and jellies and tobacco perhaps made up for it, and that therefore one must put up with her little whim about cleanliness. But it was no good. As Madame had said, “It was a bad day,” and the Abbé went away after a while, having the tact to see that that afternoon at all events it would not do to touch on serious topics.

“Who was the lady?” Jean asked, when again they were in the street.

“It is Madame Plantier, the wife of a great merchant, who loves to devote some of her wealth and leisure to the relief of the sufferings of others,” was the reply.

Jean followed his companion still thoughtfully.

So through the long, hot hours, in the filthy, crowded streets of one of the poorest parts of Paris, they went from house to house, now to a garret at some dizzy height, now into some cellar where scarce a ray of light or a breath of air penetrated, and everywhere they found members of the Association, which the Abbé had founded, at their work. As they left each place, Jean asked the names of the visitors. Some among them were those of the noblest houses of France, while others were the wives and daughters of ordinary citizens. And at one place, almost the last they visited, they found a simple, kindly lady dressed in black, but instead of sitting down, the Abbé stood before her, so Jean, not knowing why, stood also. The lady's work was just finished, so the priest said he would go with her through the streets to her carriage, and Jean followed. At a little distance they found a small, plain brougham, with nothing very smart about it, not like the grand carriages which Jean had sometimes contemplated in the Bois, and the only thing about it which struck him as odd was the fact that whilst the lady was getting into the vehicle, the coachman sat with his hat off, while the footman and the Abbé, who stood at the door, had theirs in their hands also. Then the little carriage rolled away, and Jean learned to his amazement that the simple, kindly lady was a king's granddaughter, and one of the House which for seven hundred years has reigned over France. He began to think he had made a mistake in some things. These great persons were not all bad. Still, why should they be superior to any one else? All men should be equal. Then the Abbé spoke to him, and his train of thought was interrupted.

"*Mon ami*," he said, "I thank you for your complaisance in coming with me to-day. I could wish that the leaders of your party would show the same liberality, but they will see nothing but what they wish to see, believe nothing but what they wish to believe. But now that you have come, and have seen, you will not make those sweeping assertions that no one among the upper classes cares for the sufferings of the poor. You have seen my Association. It consists only of the class of those you attack, I mean the wealthy, or, at all events, those who do not work for their living. Most of the ladies you have seen to-day have beautiful homes in the country, to which they could go in this hot weather, and yet no! here they stay, helping the poor. They arrange for

their holidays just as if they were shop-folk—turn and turn about. If, however, family duties, a husband's pleasure, a parent's wishes, anything of that sort, makes it prudent to go, then they simply intimate the fact to me, and I see that some one else fulfils their work till they can return. It may be two or three years, perhaps, before they come back, but it makes no difference. They are still members of the Association. The only thing required of them is, that wherever they are, should occasion arise, they will assist as much as lies in their power the poor, the sad, and the sinful. Come, *mon ami*, is not the Association of the Compassionate Heart of the Good Shepherd a fine one?"

Jean nodded. He could not deny it, and yet it had to do with religion, and the Commune was at war with religion. He did not know what to say.

"Then I have proved my case," the priest said. "'Come and see—the upper classes are not all indifferent,' I said to you, 'and Jesus Christ is not dead, but working still.' You have seen His power. It cannot be pleasant—it is evident that it is against what is natural—to see delicately-nurtured ladies working at such duties as you have seen them to-day. It is the love of Jesus Christ, the love of His poor, which is leading them to conquer themselves, to go where it is hot, and stifling, and dirty, and inodorous. No, my friend, Christianity is not dead, any more than you are. It is more alive than it was ages ago. Then, men committed crimes, and thought to atone for them by adding a new chapel to this church, or a new aisle to that. But our Christianity of to-day, where it exists, is of a higher order. Men who practise it seek to conquer *self*, and refrain from the crimes which stained the so-called ages of faith. *Mon ami, mon ami!* disbelieve your leaders when they tell you that the religion in which you were born is dead. In their health and their strength they say it, but when death comes—oh! what a change! We priests see this. It is an every-day occurrence. *A bas le Jésus!* they say when they are well, but when sickness comes, they send for the Curé—they want to get back to the Jesus they despised. But the hour is late, and I have to preach at eight o'clock in the chapel of the good Nuns of the Visitation. My friend, I wish you good-night, and I pray God to bless you—you and those dear to you," and the old man smiled a gentle kindly smile.

Jean took the outstretched hand. He had felt irritated

when the Abbé had spoken of the cowardice of atheists in their death-hour, but his angry feelings melted away at the blessing. "Those dear to you." It seemed to Jean that he had blessed Babette—Babette, and his mother, and Gaspard, and François, and many others in that far-off home of his, to which, like all the sons of Normandy, his heart ever turned. He shook the priest's hand warmly, and turned away and went home. And that evening he did not go to his usual haunts, but sat alone, thinking.

"They are not all bad, these nobles," he said the next time he spoke in the club-room, but the people would not hear him, and shouted him down. They liked it when he had called out for blood, but to praise these aristocrats, that was not to be borne. In the morning, the Citizen Dobert reproved him. He said, to speak like that, was to sin against the people. Jean must never do it again. It was all very well for the Moderates in the Chamber, but as the assistant of a member of the Commune——!

Jean said nothing. What was the use? Besides, what did it matter if a few of these aristocrats were misjudged? As a race they were vile, and, no doubt, should be exterminated.

August passed, and September. People began to return from the sea-side, and a few even from their *châteaux*, to the fashionable quarter of Paris. Jean rarely went there now. He had seen all the sights long ago. He had meant to go and pay a visit to the old Abbé Larmé again, as he had promised, but he put it off until at length he decided that the time for going had gone by. He forgot the other side to the great question, and was only reminded of it all accidentally one gusty October morning when passing across the Place in front of Notre Dame. There was a crowd filing into the Cathedral, and he stopped to ask a woman what it meant.

"It was the funeral of Monsieur l'Abbé Larmé, the founder of the Association of the Compassionate Heart of the Good Shepherd. Monsieur must have heard of it? The funeral Mass was about to commence. The Archbishop of Paris himself would, it was said, preach the sermon."

Jean was sorry. The memory of the kind, eager old man came back to him, and he was vexed that he had not visited him again as he had promised. It was too late now, like so many things we put off doing. The only thing Jean could do was to pay a last tribute of respect. He followed the crowd into the



great, dim edifice. Along the nave from pillar to pillar were stretched black hangings with the Abbé's initials in silver letters embroidered on them, while in the centre, on a catafalque surrounded by hundreds of tapers, was the coffin. The great candles on the high altar were lighted, the priests in black vestments were in the sanctuary, the Archbishop of Paris was on his throne, surrounded by the Chapter, and under the grey arches the *Kyrie* rose and fell. And by and bye there was a hush as the successor of the martyred Monsignore Darboy ascended the pulpit and, holding his crozier in his hand, gave forth his text: *Euge serve bone et fidelis, intra in gaudium Domine tui*—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

And then the Cardinal Archbishop told of the great life which had passed away, of how from boyhood it had been lived for Jesus Christ, how self had had neither part nor lot, how all ranks of society were alike dear to him, and how that day proved it, as gathered round that catafalque were men and women from the very highest to the very lowest.

"He has gone from amongst us," the Archbishop cried with outstretched arms, "but he has provided for the carrying on of his work. He has passed away, but his memory we shall hold in fond remembrance. 'In the sight of the unwise he has seemed to die,' but his soul is with God, and he has gone, as we believe, and hope, and pray, to receive the just reward of his life, gone to where the souls of the righteous are made perfect, gone to enter into the joy of his Lord."

And then the Archbishop made his way back to his throne, and the Mass was continued. And by and bye the Host was lifted up between heaven and earth for the soul of the departed, and no sound broke the hush of the great Cathedral save the clink of the swinging censers. And then the west doors rolled back, and overhead the great bells began to peal, slowly, softly, sadly, it is true, but yet they pealed, while the shuffling tramp of the bearers mingled with the chanting of the choir: *In paradisum deducant te Angeli. Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam paupere æternam habeas requiem.*

It was a dream, a superstition, for which this man had lived, Jean told himself as he wandered along the streets once more, and yet—yet how beautiful! The words of the Archbishop rang in his ear. The look of confidence upon his face was before his eyes. Was it all a dream? His mother did not think so,

nor Babette—his Babette, no! not his, some other happy man's Babette. He had flung away that chance. Had he not been a fool to act as he had done, to adopt views which parted him from such a girl? He had grown tired of the regular work of the sweet, quiet, homely village, grown tired of his duties, and had come forth to serve the people. Were the people much better off because he had lived in filthy lodgings amongst wretched beings, and acted as secretary to such a one as the Citizen Dobert? Perhaps after all it would have been better if he had stayed at home and minded M. le Curé always. He would not have been parted then from Babette. And as the days went on this train of thought came often to Jean's mind, and with it a great longing to see again the face of his former betrothed.

Winter set in early that year, and in France there was much distress. Every department of trade seemed depressed, and yet the *employés* were continually demanding more wages. The journals were full of it. For the thoughtful it was a time of uneasiness. The Citizen Dobert and those who shared his opinions rubbed their hands.

"It is coming; all this helps our game. It is the first movement of the Social Revolution, of the time when we shall make them disgorge their wealth, these tyrants who ought to sneeze in the sack, as they used to say in the good days of 1793."

Jean did not answer; he scarcely heard. He was weary of it all, and he wanted to see Babette, wanted to see his old home and his mother's face once more. Would he ever do so, he wondered. He was still too proud to go back and humble himself, and he had enough faith left in his cause to enable him to remain true to it.

The month of December came, and with it a hard frost and a biting east wind.

"You know B——?" the Citizen Dobert asked one morning. The town in question was an old Cathedral city not above twenty miles from Jean's home. He answered that he knew each stone of it.

"Good. There is trouble at the mines near. The men want stirring up. The committee have decided to entrust the task to you. I forget the name of the owner, but it is no matter."

Jean told him. It was Blondel. He had a *château* not a mile beyond the village where Jean had been brought up.

"That is it," Dobert answered. "When can you start?"

"To-morrow," he replied promptly. His heart beat quickly. He was getting weary of the cause, but B—— was near his old home. Perhaps he might see Babette—perhaps, who could tell?

The next day he left Paris. Would he ever see it again, he wondered vaguely, as its spires and domes faded from sight. If he did not, he did not care. He sat motionless, gazing out of the window at the flying landscape. It was nearly two years since he had seen the country, and though the trees were bare and the ponds frozen, to Jean it had never seemed so beautiful.

And when the day had faded away and the wintry twilight was falling fast, he saw the glorious Cathedral towering up above the roofs of the houses of B——, and knew that scarce twenty miles off were his home, his mother, and Babette.

## Reviews.

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### I.—THE MORAL TEACHING OF ST. THOMAS.<sup>1</sup>

THE *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas, which was his greatest and last work, containing the maturest fruit of his powerful and well-trained intellect, has been well called the Christian religion thrown into scientific form and the orderly exposition of what man should be. Theologians will pardon us, if for the sake of lay-readers, we explain what is meant by *Prima secundæ* and *Secunda secundæ*. The whole work is divided into three parts: the first, which treats of God; the second, which treats of man, the image of God; and the third, which treats of the Incarnation, the sacraments, and in a word, of whatever concerns the scheme of Redemption. The second part appeared some years after the first had been published, whilst the Saint was teaching theology at Bologna, in two large volumes, the first containing one hundred and fourteen questions, or six hundred and nineteen separate articles; the second, one hundred and eighty-nine questions, or nine hundred and seventeen articles. These two volumes, though forming a portion only of the whole *Summa*, constitute a complete work in themselves, an elaborate treatise on man as endowed with free-will, by which he is the source and master of his actions, in other words, on man as a moral agent. As all action is for the sake of some end, St. Thomas starts with establishing what is the end of man, and the nature of his true happiness; after which he deals with human acts in their moral aspect, that is, in relation to their goodness or malice. Next he discusses the passions, their causes, effects, objects, influence and remedies, and so passes to certain principles of moral action, internal and external, habits virtuous and vicious in general, together with the causes, nature, and effects of sin; and finally as God, the

<sup>1</sup> *Aquinas Ethicus: or, the Moral Teaching of St. Thomas.* A translation of the principal portions of the second part of the *Summa Theologica*, with Notes. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Two vols. London: Burns and Oates, 1892.

external principle of good, teaches man by law, this first division of the second part of the *Summa* winds up with a discussion of laws, their variety, effects, authority, and modifications. This first division of the second part goes by the name of *Prima secundæ*.

The *Secunda secundæ*, or second division of the second part, examines the virtues and vices in detail, without reference to special states or conditions of life, and finishes with the treatment of different states of life in their bearing upon the moral being and perfection of man.

Much of this work is strictly theological, presupposing therefore revelation, but as faith supplements and perfects reason without contradicting or superseding it, a very large portion of the whole work is purely philosophical and belongs to the natural science of Ethics. In this St. Thomas was a disciple of Aristotle, whom he may be said to have baptized by cleansing him from those errors which inevitably creep into any moral theory that is not subject to the corrective influence or negative criteria of revealed truth.

Father Joseph Rickaby's translation is not continuous but selective. His object being to induce English students of Ethics to have recourse to St. Thomas' own work and drink in his wisdom from his own genuine and unadulterated utterances, he contents himself with selecting those passages to which he has made reference in his own work on *Moral Philosophy* in the Stonyhurst Series of English Manuals of Catholic Philosophy, with the addition of others which help to bind the whole into a connected treatise, omitting what is purely theological or sometimes what may be too difficult for beginners. As he himself says in his Preface :

The translation is not continuous. Phrases, articles, and whole questions are omitted, some because they deal with Theology rather than with Ethics, some on account of their difficulty, and some for brevity's sake. But the original numbering of question, article, and argument has been preserved throughout, marking omissions and affording convenience of reference.

We find then that out of the one hundred and fourteen questions of the *Prima secundæ* Father Rickaby's translation contains seventy-three, and two hundred and forty-three out of the six hundred and nineteen articles. The one hundred and eighty-nine questions of the *Secunda secundæ* are here represented by one hundred and forty-one questions and its

six hundred and nineteen articles by four hundred and twenty-nine articles. Thus we have a very fairly complete exposition of St. Thomas' doctrine in the pure science of Ethics within the very reasonable compass of two handy volumes of the Quarterly Series.

Catholic lay-students of Ethics, a class which we trust will year by year become much more numerous, will find in this work the bulk of the great master's doctrine brought home to them in very terse and readable English, easy of reference, and calculated to whet the appetite for further investigation and recourse to the great original. They owe to Father Rickaby a very considerable debt of gratitude for bringing the pure sources of Catholic Ethics within their reach and conveying the knowledge to them in a highly palatable though absolutely genuine form. Nor need ecclesiastical students, however proficient in Latin and familiar with the technical language of the mediæval schools, disdain to consult a book in which they will find the equivalent of many a crabbed term in genuine English. It is possible for a man to be fluent enough in the use of theological or philosophical terms in Latin yet to be wholly unable to express their meaning in his own language. It may be feared that in such cases the intelligence of the matter does not go very deep, but that he is the dupe of the terminology, and vainly flatters himself that he understands the subject. At any rate he will gain in security of knowledge by putting it to the test of translation, a task which becomes indefinitely easier to him in proportion to his familiarity with genuine English employed upon the same subject-matter.

We will venture a step further and commend the book to preachers who from defect of early ethical training, and owing possibly all their knowledge of the theory of virtues and vices, their definitions, mutual relations, minute distinctions and various ramifications to some one or two hand-books of casuistry, are apt to discourse hazily on such subjects and even to mislead their hearers by treating mere dispositions or practices as habits and virtues, when perhaps even the practice itself may be but a means indifferent in itself and deriving all its goodness from the object or intention with which it is done. No one can study the Ethics of St. Thomas even in the condensed form in which Father Rickaby presents them without obtaining a better grasp of the whole subject and a keener eye for precise and exact statement, and that without the expen-



diture of time and labour which the study of the original would involve.

The task undertaken is one of the highest use under our present circumstances ; a task of no mean difficulty, as any one may realize who tries to turn even one article of St. Thomas or other scholastic into readable English ; a task which also, we are bound to say, has been accomplished by the learned and eloquent Professor with much insight, careful diligence, and a taste and precision seldom, if ever, at fault.

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2.—SUCCAT.<sup>1</sup>

The traditions that still linger on the shores of Morecambe Bay and in the dales of Westmoreland, first aroused in the mind of Mgr. Gradwell a special interest in the great Saint whose early life he has described with a loyal devotion. His object in writing this account of St. Patrick's early life is to substitute for what he regards as reckless fable and uncertain legend the sober narration of historical facts, and at the same time to present a lifelike picture of what we may call the human side of the Saint (though this does not in any way exclude a true estimate of his exalted sanctity), and a faithful relation of the events of his life from his childhood until the time when he entered on his work of apostleship in Ireland. Mgr. Gradwell has moreover added not a little to the interest of the story that he tells, by the historical sketch of contemporary events that he weaves into it. Thus we have an account of the state of the Roman Empire at the time of St. Patrick's birth, and of Ireland during his captivity there. We have also a detailed description of the life at Marmoutier, where St. Patrick spent twenty years and more, of St. Martin and the other holy men who were his companions there, of St. Germanus and Auxerre, and of the general condition of the Christian Church in St. Patrick's age, while the last chapter tells us of the unsuccessful mission of Palladius, and so brings us up to the time when Pope Celestine sent St. Patrick to carry out God's designs of love to the country where St. Patrick's heart had been set, ever since he had escaped from his captivity there, some five-and-forty years before. For it was not until

<sup>1</sup> *Succat*: The Story of Sixty Years of the Life of St. Patrick. By Monsignor Gradwell. London: Burns and Oates.

St. Patrick had arrived at the venerable age of sixty years that the work of Ireland's conversion was begun—a wonderful example of the Providence of God, and of the marvels that He works by the hands of His saints. Our readers will thus find in these pages a very varied stock of information on subjects conterminous with his history, and sometimes the central figure is allowed to fall into the background a little amid the multiplicity of its surroundings.

The long-disputed question of St. Patrick's birthplace seems to have been pretty well settled by Cardinal Moran, whose opinion is adopted in the present volume. We do not feel sure that the matter is so absolutely certain as any one would gather from Mgr. Gradwell's statements. Irishmen are in general slow to allow that the Saint of Ireland was born on British soil. We remember hearing a story how an English priest, giving a mission at Dumbarton, thought to please his audience by informing them that St. Patrick was born in their own town. But the statement, so far from being well received, gave great offence, and the priest found out his mistake by the ill-success of his mission from that day onwards. It certainly is curious that St. George, who never set foot in England, and of whom little or nothing is known, should be regarded as the champion of England, while St. Patrick (supposing him to be born on British soil, and to be therefore a Britisher by birth) is looked upon as more completely identified with Ireland than any other saint is with the land in which he was born and lived and died.

But some of our readers, and even some of our Irish readers, will ask why the book is called *Succat*? The answer is simple enough. *Succat* was the original name of St. Patrick. Patrick was his religious name. As the history of the Saint closes with the beginning of his apostolate, Mgr. Gradwell chose the name by which he was designated in his youth. We must confess that we should have preferred some such title as *The Early Life of St. Patrick*, both for the sake of the unlearned, who will, we fear, pass the book over unnoticed on account of the unfamiliar title, and also because the name of Patrick is consecrated to us by the tens of thousands who have carried it in their hearts and on their lips. We should think it rather strange if we encountered a Life of St. Peter up to the time of his becoming Bishop of Rome under the title of *Simon*. In the same way, the name of *Succat* sounds a little strangely in our ears.

Mgr. Gradwell has certainly the gift of being circumstantial in his narrative, and shows much ability in filling up the details of some incident of which the bare fact alone is recorded. Thus, in his description of St. Patrick's visit to his former home after his escape from captivity, he says :

Probably his father's villa at Bannaven would long have been a ruin, and abandoned as no longer offering a secure abiding-place. The blackened walls might still remain standing, but the roof would have fallen in. Weeds would be growing in the courtyard, and the once trim garden would be given up to desolation. (p. 122.)

In the same way there is an interesting account of various occurrences that would have happened at Marmoutier during St. Patrick's residence there.

We have to thank Mgr. Gradwell for this labour of love, and we hope that his book will further the devotion to St. Patrick all over the world.

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### 3.—A CATHOLIC EDITION OF THE "DIDACHE."<sup>1</sup>

It is a significant, and, to our mind, a regrettable indication of the comparative indifference with which the study of early Christian documents is prosecuted by Catholics, that this edition of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* is only the third we are acquainted with which avows a distinctively Catholic origin. No doubt there may be others, not known to us, neither would it be fair to leave out of account the many valuable articles upon the subject which have done honour to the Catholic periodicals of Germany and France ; but while any specialist could name off-hand a dozen first-rate editions of the *Didache*, the work of the foremost Protestant and infidel scholars of the Continent ; while also the Protestants of England and America may claim credit for some twenty separate publications exclusively devoted to this topic, the only important edition of the text hitherto produced by a Catholic has been that brought out as a sequel to his *Apostolic Fathers*, by Dr. F. X. Funk of the Catholic University of Tübingen. All this is a reason for welcoming the more

<sup>1</sup> *La Dottrina del Signore pei dodici Apostoli bandita alle Genti, detta La Dottrina dei Dodici Apostoli*, versione note e commentario del P. Ignazio M. Minasi, S.J. Roma : A. Befani, 1891.

cordially this large and handsome volume which embodies the learned researches of Father Minasi, S.J. It is almost the most bulky edition of the *Didache* which has been published, and the commentary upon the text is so ample that it might fairly claim to be considered as a complete treatise upon the Christian institutions of the Apostolic age.

There are two special features which mark off this edition of Father Minasi's from the work of other labourers in the same field. The first is the very exhaustive study which he has devoted to the *Didache* as a liturgical document. To the readers of the *Civiltà Cattolica* his conclusions will already be familiar through the articles which appeared in that periodical in the years 1889—1891 under the heading *Archæologia*. These papers, which include a study of the Abercius inscription and some other subsidiary investigations, have been reprinted with a few alterations and expansions. The editor brings the text of the *Didache* into comparison with the liturgical chapters of Justin's *Apology*, with the 8th Book of the Apostolical Constitutions, and with the writings of Tertullian. He lays great stress upon the observances, which as we glean from the last-named writer, were peculiar to the week-days on which *stations* were kept, and he urges that on all these occasions the early Christians met and received the Blessed Sacrament in common, although the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated only on Sundays. His theory then is that we find in the *Didache* the prayers prescribed for this public reception of Holy Communion on week-days, or *communio extra Missam*, as we should now call it. Those who have puzzled over the difficulty of reconciling the practices prescribed in the Teaching with our most fundamental notions of the λειτουργία of sacrifice will best appreciate the value of this explanation. What gives it additional plausibility is the readiness with which it accounts for the prominence of the "prophets," and the apparent ignoring of the office of bishop or priest. Such a service as this might have been held in early Christian times without the presence of any one with power to consecrate, for we know of course that laymen were then allowed to reserve and consume the Blessed Sacrament by themselves.

The second distinctive feature of the edition before us is the space devoted to the *Indice e dichiarazione dei vocaboli adoperati nella Doctrina*. Every Greek word used in the treatise is exhaustively discussed. References are given to its use in

the New Testament and in the Septuagint, and its Hebrew equivalent or equivalents are quoted and commented upon. There is no doubt that this will save the student a good deal of lexicon work, and the Hebrew will be a useful stimulus to beginners in that language, but on the other hand we are a little inclined to regret that Father Minasi, while treating his readers to such a lavish use of Hebrew type, has nowhere taken notice of the important questions raised by German and English Hebraists regarding the origin of the *Didache*. To Harnack's attractive theory of a primitive Jewish "Two Ways," afterwards worked up as a Christian document, he has not even a passing reference, neither does he discuss any of the interesting parallels which Professor C. Taylor has professed to gather from the vocabulary of the Talmud.

With regard to the question of date, Father Minasi pronounces for a very early constitution of the text. Indeed, if we understand him aright, he is more than half inclined to believe that the *Didache* originated in the lifetime of the Apostles, as a sort of unofficial summary of the canons drawn up by them in a supposed Council of Antioch. His arguments for placing it thus early follow in the main, though quite independently, the lines laid down by Father München in his valuable essay in the *Innsbrucker Zeitschrift* for 1886. We may remark that the interpretation given by Father Minasi to the double title of the treatise strikes us as rather strained. That the first title begins with a small letter seems to be simply a peculiarity of the Constantinople MS., for the same thing may be observed in the fac-similes published by Bishop Lightfoot at the beginning of the letter of St. Clement. On the other hand, Father Minasi may be interested to know, what few critics seem to have remarked, that the second title without the first has been scrawled by some idle pen on the recto of the leaf, on the back of which the *Didache* commences.

The book is well got up and is illustrated by a few useful woodcuts. As might be expected in a work of such typographical difficulty, there are a good many misprints, not all of them noticed in the two lists of errata. But it would be ungenerous to dwell upon such trivial details when we have to thank Father Minasi for a really substantial and original contribution to the history of primitive Christianity.

4—CHRISTIAN ANTHROPOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

This book, as its title-page implies, is apologetic in its nature. Works of this kind are few in number, though the need for them is very great, if we are to have an antidote for the poisonous literature which the enemies of religion are so zealous in spreading broadcast on matters intimately connected with faith and morals.

The subject-matter of the book is somewhat vast, considering that in some five hundred pages of large print our author treats us to biology, biblical chronology, geology, and ethics. Whole works have been written on questions which he has summarized in single chapters. But the object of the author, as we learn from his Preface, is not so much to contribute original matter, as to acquaint his readers with the weapons and methods employed by men of science against the Christian religion; and then to point out in short where the flaw lies. Thus, in his chapter on the Origin of Man, he effectually deals with such sophisms as that "man, both in his corporal and spiritual being, is a mere mechanical product of matter." (Büchner, p. 118.) When discussing the antiquity of the human race and biblical chronology, he clearly shows us that, whatever conclusions are come to by science, our position is a safe one, since "the Church does not guarantee the correctness of either of the two chronologies (Septuagint and Hebrew), and her authority does not oblige us to adhere rigorously to the text transmitted by tradition, or to the sense attributed to it." (p. 240.) In the chapter on the Unity of the Human Species, he judiciously warns us of the heretical views to be avoided. In that on Geology and the Deluge, he gives us the various systems which have been held on the extent of the Flood, and the weight of authority they severally possess among Catholic writers. Finally, in the chapter on Man's Component Elements, he informs us of the objections made against the existence of the soul, and points out the fallacies contained in them.

We think that the part of his book in which the author allows such men as Karl Vogt and Haeckel to explain their pseudo-scientific systems in their own words, however blasphemous, will do more to convince our Catholic young men

<sup>1</sup> *Christian Anthropology.* By the Rev. John Thein. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1892.



who suffer from doubts and anxieties, than any amount of solid argument. The writer has had a two-fold work to perform. In the first place, he has had to expose the absurdities and vagaries of those who, from the facts with which he is dealing, draw conclusions so much at variance with right reason and sound Catholic doctrine. Here he is at his best. The labour spent on such uncongenial work will no doubt bear fruit, and we can only be very thankful to the priest, who, in his zeal for souls, is ready to go out of the beaten track of sacerdotal duties, if so he may bring aid to troubled souls. In the second place, our author has had to steer carefully in those matters where his Catholic readers might differ from his views. We should have been more satisfied indeed if the tone had been sometimes a little less dogmatic when questions were being treated of which are considered by many Catholics as still debatable. As for evolution, for instance, he will have none of it even in the mildest form, and in consequence makes such statements as "The so-called 'struggle for life' is a figment of the imagination," without any doubt or hesitation. The title, *Christian Anthropology*, prepares us indeed for orthodox views. Still, it is to be regretted that the author is so pronounced in matters which, according to his own admission, are not vital, since it is evident that he wishes his book to be a sort of guide for Catholics in difficult paths, rather than simply a contribution to science.

In other respects the book is interesting reading, and will form a useful store-house of information for such as wish to acquaint themselves with the subject of anthropology.

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#### 5.—THE MAKING OF ITALY.<sup>1</sup>

The work before us is singularly opportune. It is true that in political history, the exposure of the evil means by which a party or a dynasty has climbed into power, does not necessarily entail a denial of its present right to rule. But as to the Italian question, on which religion has so much to say, and where the only answer to her claims are the shibboleths of "national rights" and of "the will of the majority," it is well that a calm and dispassionate statement as to *the making of Italy* should be placed

<sup>1</sup> *The Making of Italy.* By The O'Clery, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., 1892.

before the English-speaking world. Even Catholics are liable to forget or to ignore, especially in a Protestant country, the facts of the Italian Revolution. The O'Clery does not pretend to base his work on original research. The facts are too recent for the national Archives to give up their dead. But he has made such good use of the admissions of the friends of Italian unity, that even the *Times* has given unstinted praise to this valuable summary of modern Italian history. Fortunately for truth, the revelations of General La Marmora and of Count Arnim, and the publication of so many of Napoleon III.'s diplomatic despatches have cast a strong light on the intrigues of many of the chief actors in the drama. England had for many reasons thrown herself enthusiastically into the cause of the *Italianissimi*. Mr. Gladstone's letters on the Neapolitan prisons, like his later pronouncements on the Bulgarian atrocities, carried away a large emotional public. The commercial classes hoped for a new field for British manufactures in an emancipated and free-trade Italy. British statesmen were anxious to find in a great and friendly naval power in the Mediterranean an ally against their great rival, France. The Liberalistic aspirations of Palmerston and Russell were but an echo of the conviction that a British Parliamentary *régime* was a panacea for every ill. But hatred of Catholicity was the chief agent which united in an almost compact body every political party, every religious sect on the side of the Italian Revolution, a unanimity which was strikingly shown in the more than royal reception extended to Garibaldi on his visit to England.

Subsequent events have somewhat weakened the enthusiasm which the cause of United Italy formerly evoked. Close protection at home, uncertainty as to her future policy abroad, the Vandalism which has robbed Rome of her beauty, Irredentist intrigues at Malta, and more than all the spendthrift waste of her substance which has brought the country to a condition only to be compared to that of a South American Republic, have made English people less sure of the benefits which Unity under the crown of Savoy had brought to Italy.

To those who look upon creature comforts as the greatest of boons to a nation, there has been no doubt an immense advance in Italy during the last thirty years. But even these benefits can be bought at too dear a price, and the condition of the working classes and the general impoverishment of the many contrast with the widespread well-being of former days.

Mr. Maguire's work on Pius IX. was regarded as an exaggerated panegyric, but De Rayneval's official note of 1857 (p. 21), published some years before, though not heeded by English readers, confirms its statements in the main. "De Rayneval had spent many years in Rome, and from his prominent official position the best sources of information were open to him. It was his interest to judge severely, and his memorandum was a private one, written for the information of his own Government" (that of Napoleon, when President of the French Republic). "It was not written from secondary sources, but from personal acquaintance with his subjects; and it furnished the most complete reply to all the charges made by Cavour against the temporal government of the Holy See." To this note the O'Clery devotes four pages. The Papal Government would have made still greater progress during the next thirteen years if it had not been perpetually the butt of open or secret attacks from the Revolution, supported and subsidized by the Piedmontese Government and its ally the Emperor of the French. This is all clearly shown in the lucid and interesting pages of our author.

The O'Clery's record of the Italian failures on sea and on land, when engaged with the Austrian forces, is well worth remembering. He may have too largely borrowed from French writers—anxious to take all the glory to themselves—but the results are stubborn facts which cannot be refuted; and the praise of a well-known politician which has been bestowed on the Italian army and navy of to-day has to be discounted by the memories of Custoza and Lissa, if not of Solferino. The legendary Garibaldi was reduced to his true proportions when brought face to face with the Prussians in Central France, and our author shows how far treachery of Neapolitan statesmen and generals and English and Piedmontese assistance had to do with his successes in Sicily and Southern Italy. At all events, it may well be doubted if results obtained by so much fraud and bloodshed were not purchased at too dear a price, and whether Italy could not have been made free and prosperous by other and juster means. It may be asked too how far the Triple Alliance leaves Italy free in the truest sense of the word.

To a Catholic, however, to whom the religious aspects of the question are necessarily of primary importance, the perusal of the work will go a long way to make him hesitate before coming

to a foregone conclusion in favour of Italian unity. The letter of Victor Emmanuel to Pius IX. (p. 484), read in the light of its surroundings, and of the subsequent action of the Italian Government, shows how little reliance can be placed on any declarations of Italian statesmen.

The work is illustrated by valuable plans of the various battles, and constant references are given to the various authorities, though perhaps not always with sufficient completeness. The one adverse criticism we are forced to make of this admirably written and admirably printed book is the omission of an Index, which in a work so rich in facts and names, is much to be regretted. Nor will a lengthy table of contents altogether make up for its absence.

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6.—FIRST RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE  
SOCIETY OF JESUS.<sup>1</sup>

This is a very interesting study, and throws a useful light on a still obscure period in the history of the Church in England. The commencement of the Reformation under Henry is now fairly well understood, and the results of the Protestant Establishment under Elizabeth have also been worked out with tolerable clearness, but the history of the transition from Catholicism to Protestantism still remains obscure, and will remain so until the various subdivisions of the period have been adequately mapped out. Then and then only shall we be able to draw out a picture of this wonderful change, which shall at once be accurate in outline and trustworthy in detail.

Of such details Father Delplace gives many that are both striking and useful. In his first chapter on St. Ignatius and the return of England to the unity of the Church under Mary, we have an account of that Saint's own visit to England, of his correspondence with Cardinal Pole (comprising, by the way, one of his letters hitherto unpublished), and of his hopes and measures for the conversion of our country. "Our hope," he writes, "is all the stronger as we know for certain that the cause of its defection was not the wickedness of the people, but that of its rulers." Considering how very careful St. Ignatius was against exaggeration, with what special care he had

<sup>1</sup> *L'Angleterre et la Compagnie de Jésus avant le martyre du B. Edmond Campion 1540—1581.* Par Louis Delplace, S.J. Bruxelles : Vromant et Cie. 1890. 79 pp.

watched the course of the Reformation, and with what remarkable prudence he passed judgments on the events around him, we cannot but consider this emphatic statement as one of paramount authority. It would have delighted our late Cardinal Archbishop, who was strongly of the same opinion.

The next section, on Father Ribadeneyra in London during the succession of Elizabeth, is full of interest. We admire the author's frankness in admitting that the policy of Paul IV. in making an enemy of Philip very seriously weakened the Catholic party in England. The Papal advisers were indeed more to be blamed than the Pope himself, and Paul in the end did his best to remedy the evil; but the harm was done, the prestige of the Spanish alliance was shaken, and Calais fell. These events were evil omens for the success of the Catholic cause in England.

We have not noticed any absolute faults whether of commission or omission, but we have little doubt that some notice should have been given of the negotiations with Mary Queen of Scots, which led to the mission of Father H. Samelie [De la Rue] to England as early as 1582. Some of the preliminaries must surely have fallen within the period which Father Delplace has so well delineated.

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#### 7.—THE GREY FRIARS IN OXFORD.<sup>1</sup>

Had we been requested to offer a conjecture as to the probable bulk and interest of this volume, judging solely by its title and before having seen it, we should probably have ventured to predicate that it would be of no great bulk and of very limited interest. In both respects we should have been mistaken. We congratulate the Oxford Historical Society upon having ushered into the world a handsome volume of four hundred pages, and upon having secured the services of an editor so competent as Mr. Little has proved himself, to do justice to the interesting and varied material which his patient industry and wide scholarship have enabled him to bring together.

<sup>1</sup> *The Grey Friars in Oxford.* Part I. A History of the Convent. Part II. Biographical Notices of the Friars, together with Appendices of Original Documents. By Andrew Little, M.A., Balliol College. Oxford: Printed for the Oxford Historical Society, 1892.

"The History of the Convent" makes us acquainted with the arrival of the Franciscan Friars in Oxford, and details the steps by which they acquired the site on which they erected their residence. The Order was conspicuous throughout the whole of its history as patrons and promoters of learning, and the subject of their schools, lectures, examinations and disputations is here discussed in careful detail. In all of these departments the Oxford Brotherhood was eminently successful, and the result, as might have been anticipated, was a keen rivalry with their near neighbours the Dominicans, or Friars Preachers, in which, notwithstanding the towering grandeur of St. Thomas of Aquin, the disciples of St. Bonaventura contrived to hold their own. After having made us acquainted with the outer life of the Oxford Franciscans we are now admitted, under the guidance of Mr. Little, to a view of the interior of their establishment, and we become acquainted with the mode of life which was practised therein by the inmates. Assuredly it was a hard one, so much so that it has formed a stumbling-block to the editor. We regret that he has raised the question, "What led men to take the vows of the Minorites?" and still further do we regret that he has undertaken to answer it. He does so by telling us that "the leading motive was a superstitious belief in the externals of religion, in the efficacy of the washing of cups and pots." (p. 111.) Will Mr. Little pardon us if we remind him that here he is expressing an opinion upon a subject upon which he can know little, and that want of knowledge and want of charity often go hand in hand? Were we so disposed we might find room for other remarks of a somewhat kindred nature; but we do not feel inclined to touch on points wherein we differ. This division of the work ends with a chapter on the Dissolution.

The second and larger portion of the volume consists of biographical and bibliographical notices. It is carefully executed and reflects great credit upon the learning and patience of the compiler. An Appendix of original documents follows, for the most part now printed for the first time, of which the most curious is a contemporaneous account of the controversy between the Friars Minors and Friars Preachers at Oxford in A.D. 1269. It was unknown to Wood, and is clearly the work of one of the Franciscan Brotherhood, who was an eye-witness of, and probably a participator in, the events which he records. It is printed from that buried store-house of



documentary information, the Phillipps collection of MSS. at Thirlstane House, Cheltenham.

The volume is well executed in every respect and reflects great credit upon all who are concerned in its production. We are prepared to anticipate that the others which are announced as in preparation will be equally satisfactory.

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#### 8.—EGOSOPHY.<sup>1</sup>

Those who have enjoyed the *Prigment* will probably fancy as they read the title of this volume, that they were going to enjoy a good laugh at Theosophy or some other vagary of latter-day religion. But humour delights in the unexpected, and here we have the Exercises of St. Ignatius re-arranged with selfishness as the end to be attained.

The Egoist's retreat accordingly commences as follows :

First I will ask you to make what St. Ignatius of Loyola calls a Composition of Place.

Imagine yourself sitting before your looking-glass. There behold the reflection of what is, to you, all and everything. . . . Once you were not : now you are ! The true spirit of the world is to keep a thing when you have got it, and to think yourself grievously wronged if you lose it ; but never to give a moment's thought to the manner by which you attained it, or to feel an atom of gratitude towards the person to whom you owe it. Having therefore an existence, your main idea is to preserve it ; and your greatest fear is to lose it ; but as to its origin or its author you will not trouble your head for a single instant. . . . The next point is, Why are you ? Your answer to that is simple. You neither know nor care. You are ! That you think is enough. . . . If there is any "why" about the matter at all, you think you may reply to it by saying that you exist on the principle of the survival of the fittest. Who so fit to survive as you ?

It is difficult to give a true idea by quotations, especially when one has to compress, of the admirable mixture of banter and good counsel, of shrewd sense and extravagance which make these meditations trip on so pleasantly. The "Beatitudes of the world" (p. 89), commencing, "If you are poor in pocket do not be poor in spirit," the Egoist's heaven (p. 136), and many other such episodes are most felicitous. We can only quote (p. 42) :

<sup>1</sup> *Egosophy*. By the Prig. London : Kegan Paul, 1892.

A few practical suggestions which may be useful in confirming you in the only course you are at all likely to follow—your own way.

One is never to do anything by rule. If you do there is no saying into what straight-laced habits you may eventually be led. The author of most of your pleasures is not exactly the champion of law and order.

Act first and think afterwards, and you will find that a very little acting will give you cause for a great deal of thinking.

Never lose a moment of possible enjoyment. A moment not enjoyed is a moment wasted. Next to enjoying yourself, the best thing you can do is to prevent others from enjoying themselves.

So the pleasant intermingling of seriousness and mirth runs on. As we lay the book down, we feel that while we have been decidedly amused, we have also received a hint or two, which has gone home without the possibility of our feeling the least resentment at the mode in which it was given.

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9.—THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

It was certainly a happy thought to encourage the production of an essay on so interesting a subject by the offering of a money prize. And Mr. Murphy has made to Catholic literature a welcome and valuable addition. The arrangement of the work is good, though the absence of any table of contents or index makes it troublesome to refer to its pages. The essay shows signs of wide reading, and the most has been made of printed sources. It presents in a short space, facts which, until the publication of this work, were not to be found collected in any volume.

We may be allowed to regret that the writer does not appear to have availed himself of the real treasures of hitherto unpublished matter, which have been revealed to us by Mr. Joseph Gillow's and Brother Foley's invaluable publications. Mr. Murphy has however given us a very good continuous history of the two centuries with which he has dealt, and when he comes to our own times, the only fault we can find is that he passes over rather cursorily the causes that are at work in the formation of our future. At the same time, among the various topics treated, we miss the effects of the defeat of the Pretender and the wide confiscations of Catholic

<sup>1</sup> *The Position of the Catholic Church in England and Wales during the last two Centuries.* Retrospect and Forecast. Edited for the XV. Club. With a Preface by the Lord Bray. London: Burns and Oates, 1892.

property which followed, inflicting the most severe blow to the faith since the days of the Reformation. Or again, the arrival of the French *émigrés*, which exercised so important an influence on the progress of Catholicity in our land. Nor is any prominence given to the growth of the religious orders, their beginnings as organized communities, and the advent of new bodies, and the part they have taken in founding the "Second Spring."

But perhaps the most remarkable portion of the volume is Lord Bray's Preface, for which, however, Mr. Murphy is, we imagine, in no way responsible. It contains a criticism on the general government of the Catholic Church in England, written with unusual positiveness of tone, and certainly not sparing either the late Cardinal Archbishop or even the late Pope. As an instance is given the diversity of opinion on the presence of young Catholics at Oxford and Cambridge, on which point a letter of Cardinal Newman's is quoted, which we scarcely think he intended for publication, and which refers, not to young Catholics going to Oxford, but to the desirableness of influence being brought to bear upon "the Undergraduates and Junior Fellows," who are said, perfectly truly, "to be sheep without a shepherd." Lord Bray is severe on the foundation by the Bishops of separate seminaries; but it is hard upon their Lordships if they are not allowed to form a judgment of their own on subjects of such vital interest to their pastoral charge. The complaint made by Lord Bray of debts contracted in building large churches is by no means without foundation; but what is now wanted is not an outcry against existing burdens, but rather some suggestions how they should be met, now that they exist. Much may be said in favour of the multiplication of small churches, erected at moderate cost; yet this is not a reason for finding fault with the zeal that has led wealthy benefactors to erect splendid churches (as at Arundel and Cambridge), at the cost of vast sums, which no one would have blamed them for spending on their own houses. But smaller churches, however modest, which are greatly needed in the midst of our dense populations, where thousands are being lost to the faith, cannot be built without an outlay that too often entails fresh debts. Our most imperative want at the present moment is such a concentration of forces that these neglected Catholics may be provided for before it is quite too late, and that if possible without incurring new burdens.

So again, the missionary bodies of clergy, rightly desired by Lord Brayne, who should undertake to evangelize our towns and villages, cannot exist without considerable expenditure, which they at least cannot provide. We are not so poor but that organization might manage to meet the expenses of a work that for many years could not be self-supporting. But such a plan means co-operation with those in authority, and it certainly will not be promoted by finding fault with what has been done by those in authority in the past. We are sure that Lord Brayne means to do good by his animadversions, but it is hard to see what good some at least of them can possibly be expected to effect.

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*Literary Record.*

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## I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

MOST opportunely, in the beginning of the month of June, Messrs. Burns and Oates are issuing their new prayer-book, *The Spirit of the Sacred Heart*.<sup>1</sup> A new prayer-book is always welcome, and especially one so comprehensive, of which the very title places all our devotions under the protection of the Sacred Heart. It is a compact and handy little volume of over seven hundred pages, containing a judicious collection of prayers from approved sources suitable for every occasion, and comprising much valuable matter that we have never seen in any general prayer-book before. If any one desires to make an acceptable present to a Catholic during the month of the Sacred Heart, we would suggest this beautiful manual. The print is clear and large, and the general finish of the book all that can be desired.

The reasonableness of the practices of the Catholic Church is a truth that is not sufficiently brought before the minds of those outside the Church, and we rejoice to see that Father Burke has written a pamphlet on this most useful topic.<sup>2</sup> It is a sequel to one formerly written by him on the Reasonableness

<sup>1</sup> *The Spirit of the Sacred Heart*. A Manual of Prayers, compiled from various approved sources. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>2</sup> *The Reasonableness of the Practices of the Catholic Church*. By the Rev. P. J. Burke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

of her Ceremonies. A third is needed, the Reasonableness of her Doctrines, although in the pamphlet before us, many of the doctrines are necessarily dealt with. The general tone of all that Father Burke writes is a plain, sober common sense that cannot fail to attract. He begins with Vespers and Benediction, of which he gives a brief explanation, and then goes on to defend the reasonableness of sacraments and sacramentals, of indulgences, prayers to the saints, crucifixes, relics, images, and clerical celibacy. This pamphlet is a most useful one to lend to Protestants, and we should like to see it republished, with one or two alterations, in England. One of such alterations should be in the statement on p. 19 that God had promised that Mary should crush the serpent's head. No Protestants allow of the reading which refers to Mary the words of Genesis iii., and we believe that many, if not most Catholic expositors, believe the gender of the pronoun used to have been masculine. As an argument it is therefore weak. But the arguments of this book are in general strong and convincing, and we wish it a very wide circulation.

Father Clarke's Dialogue on *The Existence of God*<sup>1</sup> reappears in a new and revised edition under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society. The many who are acquainted with Father Clarke's writings will find that his clear and pleasant style does not desert him in dealing with a subject from which otherwise they might shrink for fear of its abstruseness. Nor is this dialogue merely clear and pleasant reading; it is also convincing, and has already been found of considerable use to perplexed minds. Now that it appears in a sixpenny form, let us hope that its usefulness may be much extended.

How to spend their time and occupy their thoughts during Holy Mass and other times when they are in the chapel, is often a puzzle even to pious and well-intentioned boys. The ordinary prayer-books are not to their taste, and the books for little children are too childish. The lately published *Manual of Prayers for Youth*<sup>2</sup> supplies a want that has long been felt, and provides a prayer-book cheap and handy, and printed in large and clear type for boys, and one too which is likely to interest them. The Prayers for Mass, and these occupy a large portion

<sup>1</sup> *The Existence of God.* A Dialogue. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

<sup>2</sup> *Manual of Prayers for Youth.* With the Approbation of the Archbishop of Westminster. Clitheroe: Parkinson and Blacon.

of the book, are from the Manual of the present Archbishop of Westminster, and need no praise from us. The Examination of Conscience is short and practical, and the devotions are well chosen. The Indulgenced Prayers are marked with an asterisk—an excellent plan. At the end are a few hymns suitable to the different days of the week. On the title-page we are told that the book is printed for Stonyhurst and Beaumont. But why should not all the Colleges of England (and convent schools too for the matter of that) have an opportunity of adopting this excellent little Manual?

Mr. Bellasis has republished with very considerable additions the interesting article that he wrote in *THE MONTH* of last September on *Cardinal Newman as a Musician*.<sup>1</sup> In the reprint he has added a number of musical examples of the Cardinal's composition, which we recommend to the notice of our musical readers. His musical talent, like all the rest of his varied gifts, was lightly esteemed by the humble Cardinal, and Mr. Bellasis gives some amusing instances of the criticisms passed upon his compositions, and his own appreciation of them. His love of music seems to have been inherited from his father, and to have been cultivated from his very childhood, and the kind of music specially dear to the dead Cardinal were the bright and cheerful strains in which St. Philip Neri delighted before him.

The great publishing house of Pustet has brought out a sumptuous Diurnal,<sup>2</sup> which would make a most acceptable gift to many an elderly priest. It is a noble book of small quarto size, in delightfully large type, and consecutively printed, so that there is as little need of turning to other places as possible. As an example we have looked at the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, and then at the Votive Office of the same Saint. The whole is given complete in each case, which to our surprise we did not find in the new and very beautiful Tournay Breviary. Pustet's Diurnal has a splendid table of moveable feasts, extending down to 1952. It contains an excellent addition, that we do not remember to have seen in any office-book before. The letter of the Martyrology for each year is given. The year 1900, in accordance with the provisions of the Bull of Gregory XIII. that reformed the Calendar, has but one

<sup>1</sup> *Cardinal Newman as a Musician*. By Edward Bellasis. London: Kegan Paul.

<sup>2</sup> *Hore Diurnæ Breviarii Romani*. Editio secunda post typicam. Ratisbonæ: Sumptibus et typis Friderici Pustet.



Sunday letter, or in other words is not a leap year. This is the third time that the case has occurred, and the fourth time will not come before the year 2100. The Russians will add a day to their error in 1900, and let us hope that they may have come to a better mind on this and other subjects before the possibility of another day's error shall have arrived, more than two centuries hence.

We have also received from Messrs. Pustet a German translation of Father Cortie's *Life of Father Perry, S.J.*,<sup>1</sup> the English edition of which we have already noticed. In a short Preface the translator speaks of the high esteem that Father Perry enjoyed among men of science outside the Catholic Church, and of the honours paid to him after his death by the memorial to which Protestants liberally contributed. The beautiful illustrations of the English edition are reproduced in the translation, and among other appendices is a touching little poem in his honour, which is given both in the original English and in German.

In *The Sack of Sollier*<sup>2</sup> we have a beautiful ballad worthy of the olden time, which tells of an attack of the Barbary corsairs on the town in 1561. The verse is smooth and flows easily; the story is well told with a skill that reminds us of Macaulay's lays. But the best recommendation of Mr. Teeling's charming poem is to quote one or two verses as a sample of the rest.

How fair is Sollier with that noble range  
Of hills embracing her, dark-plumed with pine,  
With orange groves encircling houses strange  
To western eyes, and roads that palm-trees line ;  
With streets wherein the silvery water jets  
From fountains round which flowers of jasmine bloom—  
Quaint streets where maidens play the castanets  
At eve, while housewives spin the ancient loom. (p. 10.)

The piece is well suited for recitation, and we recommend it to those who are looking out for something fresh or new for Academy days and the distributions of prizes.

If success waits upon merit as it ought to do, the short *Life of the late Cardinal Manning*,<sup>3</sup> which Father Zimmermann has contributed to a German series of popular biographies, will

<sup>1</sup> *F. Perry, Jesuit und Astronom.* Von A. L. Cortie, S.J. Regensburg, New York, and Cincinnati: Pustet.

<sup>2</sup> *The Sack of Sollier.* By George Teeling. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, and Walker.

<sup>3</sup> *Kardinal Manning, eine Skizze.* Von Ath. Zimmermann. Frankfurt a M.: Foesser, 1892.

command a large sale. This little book is remarkable for a breadth of view and an appreciation of the conditions of religious and political life in England which are rare indeed in foreign Catholic literature. Father Zimmermann possesses an acquaintance with contemporary English thought which many Englishmen might envy, and his materials are both well chosen and judiciously arranged. Short as it is, the essay is a serious character portrait. The writer has not merely pieced together a selection of the anecdotes in which recent magazine articles on the Cardinal so largely deal, though he has evidently read them, but he has sketched with a sure hand and estimated with much critical skill the leading features of the Cardinal's career. We may mention as particularly interesting the comparison which he draws (p. 36) between the character of Cardinal Manning and that of Mr. Gladstone, although we think that Father Zimmermann rather exaggerates the weakening influence of Mr. Gladstone's policy upon the Established Church of England.

The great development of what it is now the fashion to call "Occultism," renders the publication of Father Clarke's essays on Theosophy<sup>1</sup> most timely and useful. There are many Catholics we are sure who will find this little sixpenny volume very serviceable both as a guide and help in their own discussions with rationalistic friends dabbling in the preternatural, and more especially as a manual which they can lend or recommend to others as embodying sound Catholic views on this important subject. What especially distinguishes Father Clarke's treatment is his fair and conciliatory presentment of the adversary's case. No theosophist can reasonably complain that his position is misrepresented, or his arguments ignored. If anything, Father Clarke attaches rather more weight than the writer of this notice would do, to some of the evidence quoted by theosophists in favour of their manifestations.

The Society for the Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament at Aix, celebrated on January 17th its fortieth anniversary (*Noces de Vermeil*),<sup>2</sup> and on this occasion essays on the Society and its origin, history, and objects, were presented by some of its members. These have been collected together, with a number of other details respecting it, into a

<sup>1</sup> *Theosophy: its Teaching, Marvels, and True Character.* By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Noces de Vermeil de l'Adoration Nocturne du Très-Saint Sacrement célébrées à Aix, 1892.* Aix: Nicot, 16, Rue de Louvre.

pamphlet, which will be read with interest by all who have a devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Beissel has recently published the second part of his treatise on the Veneration of the Saints and their Relics in Germany,<sup>1</sup> which carries on the history of this devotion until the end of mediæval times. In all matters of sacred archæology, and the *cultus* of the saints, Father Beissel is a great authority, and he communicates the result of his erudite researches in a pleasant, simple manner, rendering it intelligible and interesting to those who possess but little knowledge of the subject on which he writes. The treatise before us contains a vast amount of useful and important information, and is published at an opportune time. The example of Christian people in the ages of faith, the profound respect shown by kings and princes to the sacred relics of the saints, the intense belief of all classes in the miraculous powers of those relics, the large sums expended in the adornment of shrines and reliquaries, may well serve to quicken the faith and kindle the devotion of Catholics in these days of incredulity and utilitarianism.

*Was St. Aidan an Anglican?* is a question that Anglicans have the audacity, or perhaps we should say the ignorance, to answer in the affirmative. But their arguments will not have much weight with any one who has read the clear and comprehensive little pamphlet<sup>2</sup> in which Father Sydney Smith discusses the true relations of St. Aidan and his predecessor St. Paulinus to St. Augustine, and shows with his accustomed carefulness of research and accuracy of statement, that the only point on which a real difference can be shown to exist between the two Saints was on the time when Easter should be kept, in which dispute St. Aidan held the view that in his time was tolerated, but afterwards became so serious a cause of dissension that uniformity was required as a mark of submission to the Holy See. Father Smith introduces a number of interesting historical points, and shows that the Celtic Christians were altogether in harmony with Roman doctrine, and in nowise with the heresies of the modern Anglicans.

The Society of Divine Praise is an association that has been formed, or that it is proposed to form, in England, in accordance

<sup>1</sup> *Die Verehrung der Heiligen und ihre Reliquien in Deutschland während der zweiten Hälfte des Mittelalters.* Von Stephen Beissel, S.J. Freiburg in Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung, 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *Was St. Aidan an Anglican?* By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

with the rule dictated by Dom Guéranger to one of his monks only a short time before his death. It is to constitute those who belong to it "Oblates of St. Benedict." It is not to be a Third Order, but it is nevertheless intended to aggregate all who belong to it, whether priests or laity, to the Monastic Order of the great Patriarch of the Monks of the West. A secular priest, who we imagine desires himself to be a member of this new association, has translated the rule laid down for it by Dom Guéranger,<sup>1</sup> prefixing a short Introduction of his own, in which he points out the need of associations at the present time to meet the anti-Christian societies that everywhere abound. There are no obligations attached to it, save the wearing of the Benedictine scapular, and the counsels are such as are well within the reach of most pious persons living in the world. We hope the pious priest who has undertaken this work may succeed in carrying it out to the honour of Almighty God, and of His servant St. Benedict. It cannot fail to be profitable to many souls, if the rule contained therein is duly observed.

The story entitled *Renée's Marriage*<sup>2</sup> is the narrative of an episode in a young girl's life, and extends only over the space of a few days. Renée, the daughter of a wealthy banker, on leaving at the age of nineteen the convent school where she has been educated, finds it impossible to live in concord with the vulgar and worldly-minded stepmother whom her father has recently given to his children. It is consequently determined that she shall be married immediately, and as she inherits a large property from her mother, the aspirants for her hand are numerous. An idle, selfish, but showy young fellow, who desires to marry the beautiful and pious girl merely for the sake of her fortune, the nephew of a friend of her stepmother, is the suitor favoured by the latter. But at a *soirée* at the house of a mutual friend, he is outrivalled by another, no less poor though far more estimable, already known to the father. Through the good offices of the hostess this latter is accepted; thus Renée is saved from a marriage that promised no happiness, and the struggling lawyer becomes the husband of a charming and beautiful heiress. The chagrin of the rejected lover is

<sup>1</sup> *The Church, or the Society of Divine Praise.* A Manual for the use of the Oblates of St. Benedict. From the French of Dom Guéranger. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>2</sup> *Renée's Marriage.* By Marthe Lachèse. From the French. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner and Co.

enhanced by the fact that an incident, unimportant in itself, which revealed the selfishness of his character, has been the means of depriving him of the coveted prize. This tale is essentially French, and the idioms of the language are retained to such an extent as to leave no doubt as to its origin. The moral teaching is extremely good, and like other volumes of the Catholic Library, it is admirably adapted for a prize for girls, since it shows that religious principle and qualities of the heart and mind far outbalance external advantages of rank and wealth.

Another volume of the Catholic Library, entitled *The Sealed Packet*,<sup>1</sup> is an essentially American tale, much longer and more elaborate than the preceding one. It gives the history of a child who has been adopted when three years old by a friend of her father on the latter's death, and brought up with his own children. The joys and sorrows, trials and temptations, successes and failures that make up the daily life of the heroine both at school and in the home circle, are told in a natural, pleasant, and lively manner. The great event of her girlhood is the opening of a sealed packet, left by her father with directions that it is to be given to her on her eighteenth birthday. From this she discovers the history of her parents; and through a series of coincidences—not at all improbable—she is led to discover the mother whom she has been taught to mourn as dead, but who had been saved from an untimely death by drowning to rejoice in the possession of a daughter, fair in person, but more beautiful still in heart and character. The strain of mystery that pervades this story heightens the interest, and there is no doubt that it will be a great favourite with the youthful reader.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

In the person of Louis-Philippe Gilbert, the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* has lost one of its most constant contributors, the Société Scientifique de Bruxelles one of its founders and most eminent members, and the University of Louvain a distinguished professor. Accordingly the current number of the *Revue* contains a biographical sketch, preliminary

<sup>1</sup> *The Sealed Packet*. A Story for Girls. By Marion J. Bruner. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner.

to a longer account yet to follow of this learned mathematician, from the pen of M. P. Mansion. Born in 1832 at Beauraing in France, his father being a French officer, and his mother of a noble family of Flanders, he studied first at Dinant, and afterwards at the University of Louvain, where he received the doctor's degree in mathematics and physics in 1855. The same year he succeeded his master Pagani in the chair of higher pure mathematics, subsequently adding to his duties those of the professor of mathematical physics. His life was a very active one, not only as a professor, but also as a writer, for he contributed no less than one hundred and ninety-three papers to learned societies and reviews, some of them memoirs of considerable length and importance. The most remarkable of these were his analytical papers on the diffraction of light, since become classical, as also on the theory of the rotation of bodies. He designed too the barogyroscope, the only really practical instrument as yet invented for demonstrating the rotation of the earth relatively to the fixed stars. There is one work of Gilbert's however by which he has merited the gratitude of all who are devoted to the Church's interests. We allude to his numerous and brilliant papers on the Galileo case, which are to be found scattered throughout the pages of the *Revue Catholique de Louvain* and the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*. There is no book, pamphlet, or paper of any importance published on the Continent during the last twenty years, which has not received the searching criticism of this brilliant writer. His refutation of the *a priori* theories of the German school was particularly masterly. After the publication of the original documents in this famous trial by de l'Epinois, Berti, and Gebler, and the writings of Gilbert, the case was finished, the result being the falsification of the numerous calumnies with which hostile writers have assailed the Catholic Church in regard to this matter. Full of faith and good works, not least among the latter being his zealous interest in the higher education of the youth of Belgium, he departed this life on the 4th of last February. May he rest in peace!

As a supplement to his recent study on the Asiatic origin of the black race, the able Bollandist, Father Van den Gheyn, writes a philological and ethnographical article on the Bantus, or group of African peoples occupying the East and South of Africa, and whose languages are but dialects or varieties of one originally common tongue. The characteristic of this common



language is that the grammatical concords are established by means of prefixes and not as in the Aryan and Semitic groups of languages by suffixes attached to the roots. For all who take interest in the future of the African races the essay will well repay reading. Biblical scholars will also find a discussion as to the possible identification of the Ophir of Solomon's time with a situation on the coast of Sofala. Our remaining space will only permit us to indicate the titles and writers of the other papers. Father Thirion of Louvain discusses very completely in the leading essay of the present number the question of "Temperature and Thermometers," while Father Dierckx gives us the first part of a study on "Aluminium." M. Duhem contributes a paper on the "Atomic Notation and on Atomic Hypotheses," while M. Fauvel continues his account of the Chinese Province of Chan-Toung, this time writing exhaustively on its *fauna*. Finally, besides reviews and lengthy reports on recent progress in geology by M. de Lapparent, in industrial science by M. André, and in astronomy by Father J. Lucas of Louvain, M. l'Abbé Le Hir gives a long criticism and *résumé* of Dr. Verneau's recent and important anthropological history of the various races of mankind.

Since the undisguised aim of German Liberals is, in imitation of what has been done in France, to substitute for religion a purely human system of morality in the education of children, Father Gruber inquires in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, what has been the result of the secularization of public instruction and the introduction of "universal morality" in the primary schools of France. It is impossible for any but anti-Christian fanatics to deny that the result is most deplorable, and since religion has ceased to be the foundation and bulwark of morals, the corruption of society has advanced with rapid strides. From this German legislators should take warning rather than example. Father Pesch gives a full exposition of the teaching of Adam Smith, formerly the greatest authority on national economics. He shows in what respect his ideas were incomplete and incorrect, and to what extent the old theories have been superseded by those of the modern socio-political school. In a further instalment of his biography of Pascal, Father Kreiten relates the occasion of the first skirmish of that erratic genius with the Jesuits, which took place on the domain of physics. From a short paper on the progress of the movement in favour of Cremation, originated in Italy, it is satisfactory to learn that

the attempt to revive this pagan custom has gained little ground in Europe during the last twelve or fifteen years. The *Stimmen* closes with a biographical sketch of the veteran field-marshal, Count Radetsky, of European celebrity, who, for the space of seventy-three years, fought gallantly in defence of his king, his country, and the interests of religion.

The *Katholik* for May devotes a considerable portion of space to a memento of Professor Janssen, who was a frequent and valued contributor to, and a warm supporter of this excellent periodical. The sketch is from the pen of a personal friend, and consequently contains many interesting details respecting his private life and exemplary character, unfamiliar to those who knew him only as a man of learning and ability, the most trustworthy historian of the German people. The position held by St. Paul in the primitive Church, the special character of his call to the Apostolate, the peculiar nature of his mission and his preparation for it, together with the remarkable fact that he, although "one born out of due time," worked with more activity and greater success than any member of the Apostolic College, forms the subject of a thoughtful and interesting essay. Dr. Bellesheim continues his biography of Cardinal Manning; and a lengthy review of Dr. Funk's recent and valuable work on the Apostolical Constitutions, that most important legacy from early Christian times, concludes the current number of the *Katholik*.

The recent dynamite outrages in Paris, and various outbreaks of anarchism in the different countries of Europe, induces the *Civiltà Cattolica* (1,005) to speak of the close bond that unites the adherents of Freemasonry with the anarchists. The programme they propose is nothing less than the destruction of all existing institutions, ecclesiastical, political, and social. The "modern heresy," the negation of all human authority, is but the natural outcome of the negation of the rights, nay, the very existence of God. The next article is an essay on the poems of Herodas, a Greek poet mentioned in the letters of Pliny the Younger. The recent unexpected discovery of his works among the Papyri of the British Museum, like that of the "Constitutions of Athens," gives proof of the energy wherewith Hellenic studies are pursued in the present day. From the discourses with which the Professors of Italian Universities are wont to inaugurate a new scholastic year, the character of the instruction imparted to the students may be accurately gauged. If Professor Barbera's

lecture on Human Reason and Law, of which a synopsis is given in the *Civiltà*, is typical of the rest, the poison of revolutionary principles will be freely administered during the present term. The chapter of the History of the Hittites consists mainly of a dissertation on the proper names of these tribes, as denoting their identity with the Pelasgi, and marking the course of their wanderings.

The following number of the *Civiltà* prints the text of the Holy Father's Letter on the Educational Question in the United States of America, deciding the recent controversy on this subject. The recent Decrees of the Council of Baltimore are shown to be in perfect conformity with the teaching of the Holy See. The system of revolutionary strategies to compass the overthrow of the Papacy, propounded in the writings of Mazzini and De Amicis, is brought before the notice of the reader. None of these so-called renovators of society trace the present misery of the populace to its real cause, the diffusion of their pernicious doctrines. The religious errors into which Aristide Gabelli falls in his work on Public Education in Italy are exposed in the pages of the *Civiltà*, and one of the errors of Rosmini, condemned in the Decree *Post obitum* touching the Holy Eucharist, is mentioned in the present instalment of the treatise on the doctrine of St. Thomas on the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. The Archæological Notes give the text, with comments, of the Opusculum *contra aleatores*, written by a Pontiff of the second century, and examines a sentence, quoted in this work, from an Epistle of St. Paul, no longer extant.

We have received the first number of *The Marygold*,<sup>1</sup> an illustrated magazine intended for the elder portion of our young Catholics. It contains an account of "Our Lady of Dale," with two photo-prints of the ruins, the first part of a story of school-life, a thrilling episode of the Indian Mutiny, an account of the martyrdom of St. Cyril, a beautiful old English hymn to our Lady, and other matter attractive to the young. It is called *The Marygold* after the flower which bears Mary's sacred name. It appears first of all in our Lady's month, and we hope that under her protection and patronage it may be widely spread in all our Catholic schools.

<sup>1</sup> *The Marygold*. A Monthly Chronicle. London: Washbourne. Price 3d.

